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THE SNOW.

BY SUSANNA J.

It was a fair and pleasant sight,
  A sight I love to see,
When all the earth is clothed in white
  As pure as heav'n may be.
Oh, welcome are the flow'rs of Spring,
  And sweet is Summer's glow,
And oft in Autumn's praise we sing;
  But Winter brings the snow!

Though flow'rs are buried 'neath the ground,
  Though birds have ceased to sing,
And streamlets all with frost are bound
  That made the woods to ring,
Yet trees are hung with jewels bright,
  And all the fields below
Are carpeted with dazzling white,
  The whiteness of the snow.

And all that's dark or rough to sight,
  Around us or above,
Is clothed and hid with robes of light,
  As faults are veiled by love.
Oh, yet with joy my bosom thrills,
  The joy I used to know
When our beloved native hills
  Were robed in shining snow!

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

A FEW minutes afterwards the three girls were walking through the park, chatting together as if they had known each other for years, for it was impossible for Miss Hopkins not to feel at ease at once with these frank natural girls.

"It seemed so horrid for you to be alone there on your first evening," said Theresa Nelson. "I would not spend an evening myself among those locked up and haunted rooms. Did Mrs. Fears-Kienon tell you that her husband was abroad just now? I see she did. Do you know"—in a whisper—"they are divorced?"

"Oh, how terrible! Is he such a very, very wicked man?"

"Yes; but I'm afraid I agree with my brother Larry, that he must have suffered just a little aggravation during his married life. Turn here, Miss Hopkins, for this is the cut direct to our house. Isn't it a shame they are going to give Miss Glenorris no demonstration of welcome, just because Mrs. Kienon and her daughter are set against it? Poor girl!"

"How her coming will disturb your pleasant community!" observed Miss Hopkins, with a keen remembrance of having heard some one else say it before.

"Not unless she is not nice. Isn't she? Or rather wasn't she when you knew her?"

"Don't you think she will be too rich to be nice?"

The sisters laughed, then questioned Miss Hopkins merrily about her schoolfellow until they reached the Knoll, a pretty house so sheltered that still the white stars of the jasmine gleamed among their leaves upon its wide low front.

Just as Theresa was closing the gate, there passed a middle-aged woman holding an umbrella over her high white satin cap, and a young lady in black with an albatross's wing in her hat.

"Iza," observed Miss Nelson, after speaking a few words to both, "I wonder why that Miss Porch so persistently cultivates the Merlswood house-keeper. It strikes me oddly, somehow. Did you, Miss Hopkins, see that pale, dark-eyed young lady? She is one of two sisters who have taken the Moat—a desolate little house that has been empty for years. Ugh, quite a mouldy old place! I cannot imagine how ladies can live there."

"The other sister says this one's health needed the change," said Eliza; "but I never heard this one give any reason. Still, of course, we know very little of them."

"The only friends this one seems to wish to make are the Merlswood people one and all. Come, Miss Hopkins, these corner windows belong to our especial sanctum. Welcome!"—and Theresa took the girl's hand laughingly, and led her through the window into a comfortable, though rather untidy, room, where another girl, with almost the same face and figure, sat reading by the fire.

"Leo, this is Miss Hopkins, an old school-friend of Miss Glenorris's. We have tempted her from Merlswood to have tea with us. Miss Hopkins, this is my booky sister Leonora, always going in for some particular study, or, as our dear old nurse says, 'Always on the stud.' I fancy the present one is botany. Iza's speciality," she went on merrily, as the two girls shook hands, "is poetry and all things sentimental. Mine is—I have not one!"

"No?" queried Miss Hopkins absently, while her heart beat with a strange feeling of envy as she saw these sisters together, and faster still when they brought their mother in to welcome her. What might not her life be if she had a mother and sisters and a home like this?

The mother stayed for very few words, thinking the girls might be more free and informal if left to themselves; yet somehow her presence, even for those few minutes, seemed to the romantic lonely girl to have blessed the room. There was about her soft and gentle personality such a perfect sympathy of motherliness.

They lingered over their tea, and then sat chatting in the twilight, unwilling to acknowledge that the daylight was fading, lest it should hasten the departure of their young guest.

To this young guest it seemed as if all their happy, loving, sinless hearts had been unveiled. Long before tea was over she knew all their pet names. She knew that their father had been Rector of Merlswood, and that their mother could not bear to leave the parish; that all the girls nourished an honest admiration for the curate in charge; that their only brother Lawrence had lately entered the 25th Regiment, now luckily stationed at Plymouth; that Leonora was engaged to an old college-friend of his, named Edgar Hurd, and was to be married in the spring; that Charlotte, the youngest of them, generally called among themselves Lot, had been for three years the wife of Doctor Calmady, and lived in Torquay, but for ever coming home to consult mother on every matter of housekeeping or baby management; that Eliza was inclined to treat love very seriously, and Theresa rather as a joke; and that there was running through all this girlish gossip short-lived but ever-recurring allusions to some one unnamed; finally, that all these sisters sang and played and read, and were all gay and genial and affectionate, loving each other with a love that was so thoroughly their nature that they never thought of dissecting it or speaking of it, a love no quarrel undermined, no disagreement lessened; and that, while they loved their brother as only sisters can, in a calm admiring way, they loved the mother wholly with the best part of their nature.

The girls were all sitting round the fire in idle conversation, when there ran in a portly fair young fellow in muddy canvas shoes, his chin buried in the turned-up collar of his flannel coat, his shoulders raised to his ears.

"Put curtains 'twixt the wind and my nobility!" he laughed. "Any warmth here, girls? Any tea?"

"No—all over," said Leo pleasantly. "You are always a day behind the fair, Larry. Miss Hopkins, may I introduce my brother Lawrence?"

"I know whom you were laughing with, Larry," observed Theresa, when the introduction was over, and he had at last made a pause in his glib discourse with his sister's guest. "Why didn't you bring him in?"

"He disdains women."

"Still he might just as well come in," observed Leonora, so sedately that they all laughed.

"And here he is! The girls are in despair because the *mater* has kept you such an unconscionable time, Lester."

As young Nelson uttered the last word, Miss Hopkins looked straight up, not at him, but at the man who was entering the room. In the first moment her parted lips were white and stiff, and a terrible trouble seemed to darken her eyes; in the next she bowed in recognition of an introduction to this new-comer, and then calmly met his straight, surprised, most puzzled gaze. Lawrence had been watching her in a little astonishment; but, seeing her now so perfectly at her ease, he laughed at himself as a fanciful idiot.

"Miss Hopkins is a friend of Miss Glenorris's," Theresa began, smoothing the way for general conversation, which seemed to have had a check she did not understand.

"Are you?" asked Lester, with a grave indifference that would have seemed discourteous but for a nameless courtesy in his attitude.

"That may be a one-sided view of the question," she returned, so easily that the swift fading of her color seemed only a trick of the firelight. "Miss Glenorris may not consider me her friend."

"I have had a great blow," said Theresa merrily. "I had imagined Miss Glenorris must be awfully pretty."

"And she is not pretty?" questioned Lester, in the same grave quiet way.

"I am no judge," said the girl. "You will all understand that when I tell you that the most beautiful face I ever saw was that of a girl who served me once in a London shop."

"I dare say," observed Lester, standing against the table and looking straight into the fire, while Leonora began to fancy she had never fully looked into his eyes before.

"Perhaps her expression is nice?" suggested Eliza kindly.

"It is idiotic!" declared Miss Hopkins, with promptness.

"How?"

"She looks—you might fancy she had once received a shock and never got over it."

"The news perhaps of her inheritance," suggested Lester. "Was it so, Miss Hopkin?"

"Hopkins," corrected Theresa.

"Thank you. Not a Devonshire name?" he said, in a thoughtful way, to the owner of the name, his steadfast eyes a little graver still.

"My grandfather," explained the girl slowly, "possessed, I believe, several hopkins—pronounced in these degenerate days 'kins.' Hence the name, Mr. Lester, and hence the injustice to me in cutting off the 's' as if he had possessed only one."

Young Nelson was laughing, and the girl met his eyes with laughter in her own, while she did not seem to see the man who stood against the table with the firelight in his face. Yet Leonora, in her studious way, sat and wondered what it was in Gervys Lester that made even her big fair brother, whom she loved so dearly and admired so heartily, look commonplace. Mr. Lester was not even so tall, and his straight figure looked sometimes narrow and spare; but she had already learned how much greater was its strength than that of her broad-shouldered brother. The sun-burnt face was rather thin, and positively lined, but the set of the head was perfect; and perhaps that was what gave him such an air of strength, both physical and mental. Then the eyes held a certain power, even in their unusual gravity; and, in spite of a not unfrequent contracting of the straight brows, and an obvious cynicism in the firm lips, the man, both in face and bearing, would have been remarkable in any group. Theresa thought so, watching the firelight throw up his strong supple figure and dark face; Leonora thought so, wondering how Edgar Hurd would look if he lost his flowing beard and wore only a moustache as Mr. Lester did; Eliza thought so, glancing shyly into the dark splendor of his eyes; Lawrence thought so, falling into unconscious imitation of the easy attitude; and the girl who had gradually pushed back her chair until she sat almost behind him thought so too, with a coldness of pure disdain upon her lips, yet a wrathful color burning in her cheeks.

Suddenly Theresa started up, bent on scattering a silence by no means usual in that room.

"Light the candles for the piano, Larry, do," she cried, "and let us have a little music. We must take advantage of having Mr. Lester to try one of the new part-songs Novello has sent. Here is 'All along the Valley,' and we have waited days for a tenor; besides, we are not going to let Miss Hopkins depart without hearing our dear old schoolroom piano."

"And our dear old voices," added Lawrence, lighting a candle on either side the piano-desk and two in sconces against the wall.

"You had better play, Leo," observed her sister, in a spirit of calm impartiality. "You are best at reading an accompaniment, and Iza picks up a new soprano part better than you do. I hope the alto isn't awfully entangled and ensnaring. Now!"

Lawrence had not lighted the candles on the mantelpiece, so that Miss Hopkins sitting enfolded in the firelight, seemed doubly apart from the group in the clear pale candlelight; but by the time Leonora had arranged what her brother called her pinch-nose, Lester had changed his position a little, and stood between the singers and their solitary listener.

To her how often in the years to come were the familiar words—wedded to music, new then, but never afterwards to be forgotten—to re-echo through the lonely vistas from this one evening, when, for the first time in her life, she realised that the past can never die! She did not understand how the music stirred her, as its very memory was to do one day; she only fancied she was estimating how well the four voices harmonized; and how tranquilly and skilfully Miss Nelson obeyed, yet led them.

Dreamily she followed the music, tranquil and peaceful as the wandering of the streamlet through the sunlit valley; and, while she listened, she seemed to see one walking in loneliness beside the stream where two had walked as one behind that cruel gap of years. Could it seem the same stream? By degrees the sad sweetness of a long past happiness seemed awakened by the familiar sound of the falling water, and the lonely heart to revel in the sweetness, and tremble at the sadness of past sunshine and past shadows.

"Pooh—it is nothing!" she said in her thoughts, raising her head, as if defying any influence the music had had. "It has been the change of key—that is all; and is only the change back again that—that reminds me how a lonely heart can—regain its content."

"I think," said Leonora, turning to her

young guest, "that it has some of the very music of the water in it; don't you?"

"Yes," answered Miss Hopkins vaguely, "it has the——"

The sisters looked at her when she broke off lamely, but not one of them saw the tears she restrained resolutely.

"Oh, no, you mustn't go yet!" they cried, seeing that she had risen; and so, by one pretext and another, they kept her lingering among them.

"We sup instead of dine to-night," Theresa said; "so it happens most conveniently that we can see you safely back. The reason is that Mr. Hurd is coming down to-night from Scotland—— Ah, you know Scotland evidently, Miss Hopkins? Do you know Perth?"

"I know it in a sort of feeble way through the Fair Maid."

"And in no other way?"

"Yes—through the dye-works."

"Oh you mean from hearsay!"

"No, my knowledge is more than hearsay," said Miss Hopkins, with an absurd gravity that conc-aled the relief in her tone; "this very dress I have on was dyed there."

"You shouldn't tell; we should never have guessed," said Eliza, with an odd feeling that Theresa's laugh was out of place, and determined to set their guest at her ease. "We all have to do that sort of thing, of course, not being quite so rich as Crœsus or—Miss Glenorrie."

"Don't hurry," they said, as again Miss Hopkins moved to leave: "Mrs. Kienon is sure to be late in returning, and Anne won't be back till nine; besides, when she comes, she can't make that great house cheerful for you. Do some one tell Miss Hopkins how glum Anne Kienon is."

"Her glumness is preferable to her sister's artificial titter, as Larry calls it," asserted Leonora. "I dare say you heard nothing of her, Miss Hopkins, for she rarely is counted at Merlswood. She was pupil at the same school as Miss Glenorrie for a short time, I believe; she left just after Miss Glenorrie went. She was always kept back because of her elder sister, and she was nineteen when she left school. I think she told us Miss Glenorrie came for the last term, a girl of thirteen. Was that before your time, Miss Hopkins?"

"I think now that I remember hearing Miss Kienon spoken of at school; yet it never struck me before—the name I mean." Miss Hopkins had walked to the window, and was looking out upon a lovely scene of moonlit park. "It did not seem familiar at all; it must be a very frail memory I have of hearing it. She, too, I suppose, hates the thought of Miss Glenorrie's coming home?"

"Oh, Anne never complains about anything!"

"What time does Miss Kienon return to-night?"

"The Torquay train is due at Eastmouth a few minutes before nine; then there is the drive; they always leave Anne to take a cab."

"She cannot be at Merlswood before nine then? It looks a very short distance from here to the Hall, as the traditional crow flies."

"And we can go almost directly. I am so glad to see how you admire our view."

"Yes; Miss Glenorrie will surely count it among her privileges that she can live in Devonshire."

"She has many privileges to count," said Lester—his eyes had followed the girl to the window, and were fixed upon her with grave steadfastness as she stood there.

"None greater than that," was the random answer. "Suppose her property had been in—Rutlandshire. Now did any one ever hear of people desiring to go to Rutlandshire?"

Lester turned aside, and Eliza, studying the strong silent profile, thought how angrily he could frown; but a few minutes afterwards the eyes again were warm and pleasant as he listened to her in the moonlight, while Theresa and Miss Hopkins went to put on their hats.

"Mr. Lester walked here, so he is sure to go round with us," explained Theresa, as the girl's went slowly up-stairs together, "and Larry will bring me home."

"Mr. Lester is a great friend of his, I suppose?" inquired Miss Hopkins.

"I can scarcely say that. Larry isn't often at home, you know, and Mr. Lester has been at the Glen Farm only since about July."

"Is the Glen Farm near here?"

"Within a walk—for a good walker. Mr. Meredith is so glad Mr. Lester has it. He is doing a great deal of good, and is not a bit ashamed—as most young men would be—of doing it openly. Mr. Meredith—he is our clergyman, you know—says a man gets that perfect independence of action in the Army, if he is naturally an upright fearless man, and Mr. Lester was a Lancer. You could guess it couldn't you? We none of us know why he left the Army, for he isn't the sort of man to ask questions of, is he? I'm ready."

Miss Hopkins kept at Theresa's side as they went through the park; so they all walked in a row, only separating now and then in the gardens through which ran their short way from the Knoll to the Hall. But, when they came out presently from the silent darkness of a little shrubbery, within a hundred yards of the house, Miss Hopkins made a decided pause, and bade her escort good night. Theresa and her brother shook hands with her and Lester, and turned homewards; but, when she offered her hand to Lester he took no heed of it.

"I pass the very door of Merlswood," he explained briefly.

"But I could run in in one minute. It is only a few steps."

"What a beautiful night it is!" he said, as if he had not heard her. "I was thinking a few minutes ago what an old sight it is, yet how always new. It reads us a lesson, does it not—the trees shivering and tossed and troubled down here, the wide moonlit sky above so calm and restful?"

The girl did not answer. She was hurrying on, and made no attempt to hide that she was doing so.

"Ring the bell," she cried, almost before they had stopped at the door; and then she laughed nervously, and looked straight across into his eyes. "I want to be in my room before nine. Miss Kienon comes home then, and she was—for a little time—at school with Miss Glenorrie. I had quite forgotten ever hearing her name. I don't want to be questioned any more to-night on the subject of Miss Glenorrie. I'm thoroughly—sick of it."

"I do not doubt it," said Lester gravely. "Do you think you have acted quite as a true friend to Joy Glenorrie? She will want true friends now."

"She will want nothing that she cannot obtain," was the impetuous answer. "Think of all this land being hers, and this house belonging to her—her only—and more than a thousand pounds every month to spend as she likes! Do you think she can want for anything she cannot most easily have?"

"I hope not; I pray not," he said, with quiet earnestness.

"Perhaps," remarked the girl carelessly, "you will say it is because I love her too well that I cannot doubt her enjoyment of all her blessings. Nothing can interfere with her perfect happiness, I feel sure."

"I hope not," he said, turning aside, as if he curbed himself from saying something else, and suddenly pulling the great iron bell beside the door. "I would rather not imagine it possible; but, even if it does, I have faith in her good heart. On such a night as this a man may surely feel, 'God's in His heaven, All's right with the world.'"

He had stood bareheaded for a moment while he spoke; but he only bowed when she offered him her hand; and as she passed into the lighted hall, he walked away through the moonlit park.

* * * * *

Early next day, before the morning wind had shaken the evergreens from their nightly slumbers and tossed the dew from the arbutus-feathers, the girl who had come to Merlswood to await its young mistress went alone and secretly from the house. Avoiding the direction she had taken on the previous evening, she ran across the dewy park and down the old avenue, coolly rousing the lodge-keeper from sleep to let her through the gates. Then she passed away into the haze of the gray morning.

CHAPTER III.

"OVER the bridge, past the mill, take the steepest of the two roads, and keep straight on till you can ask again."

"I understand, so far," said the girl, taking the reins from the elderly man, who stood stroking the pony and sighing profoundly. "I hope he is fresh."

"As cowslips, miss. You'd not know him from a born Dartmoor pony."

"And has he a name?"

"Well"—reluctantly—"we call him Sam; and he don't object. I suppose, miss"—not at all reluctantly—"you'll not mind just running up some of the hills to save him."

"One of us will," said the girl, with a smile. "That is but fair."

Then she nodded in recognition of the man's melancholy bow, and gave the pony his head.

"You see, Rachel," she explained to her companion, as they went up the steep little street of Chagford—unlimited promise, in the trotting of Sam—"we have had such difficulty obtaining this noble equipage that of course we must in return do our best for the gallant little steed."

"There were carriages and horses to be had, madam, but you said something you could drive yourself. This is not from an inn; but from a house in the town. I am afraid you thought me a long time away."

"Yes," said Miss Hopkins placidly, looking from one to another of the little houses they passed, from most of which there issued a woman or a child, or both, to gaze after them; "I could have learnt by heart all the names in the churchyard, and I did learn that all the people who lie there were distinguished and old—of course old—indeed I wonder anybody ever dies in this wonderful air! Perhaps that is why—as they cannot fill the Chagford churchyard—they quilt it all over with paths. One led me into such an intensely lonely bit of the moor."

"You went into the church, madam?" inquired Rachel, demurely suppressing a smile.

"Yes, and found nothing there except the most worm-eaten old monument-chest that human eyes ever beheld."

"I heard the church-bell give one loud distinct stroke," continued Rachel. "I made a pretence not to hear it, or to see the people come to their doors. But the Chagford people don't seem easily roused or excited."

"No. How could they be, up here, so far from the exciting world?"

The last houses of the little town were passed, and Sam trotted amiably down a gentle slope, at the foot of which he made a calm and natural pause. Miss Hopkins gave the reins a pull, then a shake, then another pull—addressed the resolute little pony in a spirit of friendly inquiry, then of astonishment, then of menace. She flourished her whip in the air suggestively, touched Sam's ears with it, more than suggestively, swung it pungently across his chubby neck again and again; but he only lifted his head and shook it, standing in calm and patient expectancy.

"I suppose," Miss Hopkins said, leaning back in her seat and laughing, "as there is an incline in front of us, he wants us to get out and walk. Thank you, Rachel"—as the maid did so instantly. "Now we will try."

She appealed again to Sam's feelings, both mental and physical—to his chivalry, to his sense of duty and of honor, but still in vain. Without the slightest pretense at exhaustion he tarried still, and, far from looking obstinate, had quite an obliging air. Half in anger, half in fun, over this very early collapse, Miss Hopkins rose to her feet in the little carriage, and, by the handling of her whip, signified her opinion that the joke had been carried far enough. Sam shook the lash from his ears as if that were a part—and perhaps to him the best part—of the joke; but not one barleycorn would the resolute little fellow budge until Miss Hopkins, wholly laughing now, left her seat.

Then, both his companions having done their duty, Sam was prepared to do his too, and soberly drew the empty carriage up the hill.

Throughout the whole drive this was the order of their going. Down the hills he trotted with calm, self-abnegation; but always at their foot—and just as surely as the ascents led to descents did the descents end in ascents—he made his stand, until he had been relieved of his human freight.

"This is very nice," observed Miss Hopkins, with a smile to her maid across the empty carriage, on either side of which they were toiling up a long but certainly not very precipitous lane; "as the road is never horizontal, all the hills we are carried down now we must walk up on our return journey. Still, of course, we must be grateful that what we walk up now we shall be carried down then."

Again and again Rachel, wishing to spare her young mistress a little of the fatigue, jumped down and attempted to lure Sam on while his driver remained in her seat. Now she tried pulling him forward by his bit, now mild slaps with her palm upon his coat, now cajolery, now a species of hooting at him, now plausible pushes from behind the little vehicle; but all those specious allurements were wasted. Sturdily and suitably Sam stood at the foot of each incline until totally relieved of the only part of his light burden of which it was possible to relieve him; then he jogged on upwards with a blithe consciousness of doing his duty thoroughly.

"Never mind, Rachel. Any one would walk any distance in this exhilarating air," said Miss Hopkins, her head thrown back, absorbing the fresh, clear moorland breath.

"It is a very silent place," observed Rachel, looking rather perplexedly over the wide sweep of moor; and it would evidently have eased her mind to use a more disparaging epithet.

"The silence is—rapture!" her young mistress returned. "How many years is it, Rachel, since we were in the whirl and rush and press and noise of Regent Street?"

"One week, madam."

"Ah, that is according to your arithmetic, not mine! Why, no such lovely autumn day had dawned! That soft, blue distant world had not been created. Isn't it wonderful, Rachel? Look! Far beyond the hills and valleys of the moor there rises a soft, green, hazy world, touching the sky like a fair dim sea. This not invigorating! Rachel, what are you made of?"

"I think," suggested Rachel, as a subject more to the purpose, "as we have gone as straight as we can for a good while since we passed the bridge and the mill, it would be best to ask our way."

"But from whom?" inquired Miss Hopkins, calmly indifferent, and then fell to singing to herself, but so softly and so brokenly that only a few words reached her companion's ears.

"Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night."

The hill was mounted now, and Sam graciously awaited his burden.

"I think madam," observed Rachel, peering over a gate in the narrow lane, "that I see the back of a cottage across this field. I will run and ask if we are right for Ravenstor."

She climbed the padlocked gate as she spoke, and Miss Hopkins took her seat behind Sam, and leaned back waiting

"'All along the valley as I walked to-day——'

How absurd!" she laughed to herself, with a shake of her head. "I'm actually singing the tenor part! Utterly—utterly ridiculous!"

And then her gaze wandered away where the great tors stood shoulder to shoulder; and, as she sat wrapped in her dreams—wider than the valleys at her feet, undefined as the far shadowy scene beyond—a shout from behind aroused her, and she turned to see a pair of horses and a wagonette coming swiftly up the narrow lane, and seeming to fill its width entirely. Miss Hopkins's driving was more fearless than scientific; and, though she knew instinctively that the carriage could not pass her as she stood thus, and that there was only the bare possibility of its doing so even by her drawing her own close against the gate that Rachel had passed, Sam was so unaccustomed to her guiding hand that she could not accomplish this slight feat. She did her best; but a skill was needed which she did not possess, and Sam had no intention of entering into her plans and furthering them. The swift pace of the horses behind made her nervous, and her nervousness was increased when the driver shrilly whistled what she thought an impertinent intimation to her that he was there.

She stepped from her seat—it was not far to step—and was going to Sam's head as a last resource, when she heard a grating sound behind her, a rough adjuration that sounded like "Pill 'ip!" and a moment afterwards a gentlemanly man of middle age, with a closely-cropped gray head and a ruddy face, appeared beside her. He took the driver's seat in the little carriage, and pointed to the one beside him for her, meaning that there was no room for them to stand in the lane if the wagonette were to pass, and she swiftly did as he wished. Then, with a strong hand, he made Sam take the carriage close up to the bars of the gate, and the wagonette in which he had been sitting was led slowly past to another noisy "Pill 'ip!" But even then the frail little carriage was shaken, and its footboard grazed. Miss Hopkins thanked her companion, frankly confessing that she could never have managed alone; but he noticed that she did not look one step, alarmed or even anxious, when he told her there were lanes still narrower than this, and many places where a meeting would have been more awkward.

Just after she had watched the wagonette out of sight, Rachel reappeared, but bringing no intelligence, for the cottage was locked up, and she could not find a human being about.

"Then we must go on," her mistress said, "and seek for human beings."

Soon after noon, just as they had climbed a steep little lane and kept Sam waiting at the top while they refreshed themselves with blackberries they saw a little farm standing back out of another lane running at angles with theirs.

"If we drive up there, and it is not our way, we cannot possibly turn," said Miss Hopkins, reviewing the situation. "This time, Rachel, I will be our reconnoitring party."

It was well that she decided so, for Rachel could never have comprehended and retained the intricate directions her mistress so clearly and patiently gathered and committed to memory.

"It seems we are not in the best way for Ravenstor," she observed to Rachel, as she retook the reins. "It is only a quarter of a mile out of the coach-road; but, of course, as we have come so far, we will go on."

So they went on, and presently left the hedge-bordered lanes, and were following one of the many diverging bridle-paths open to the moor.

"Surely, we must be near there, madam!" began Rachel, venturing her speech timidly, lest she might cause any instructions to be forgotten and a wrong turn taken.

"I know we are going rightly, if that woman was right," Miss Hopkins declared, with calmness. "She said we would presently see the great scaur—which is really Ravenstor, though they call the house so—and we are to go on and on, as if bound it, till we see a tall gray house without a tree this side to hide it—gloomy, I should think; but I like this wild melancholy place. Go, Rachel——"

They had seemed to come upon the scene so suddenly! The girl stopped the pony as abruptly as her own words had ceased, and, stepping down among the bracken, stood looking up, with her hands clasped and her eyes troubled, as if the awful loneliness of the weird desolate spot were entering into her very soul. They had before seen the crest of the great rugged hill standing against the sky, crowned by a ruin which could not have been that of a human habitation, and by masses of rock which looked as if they could but have fallen from a loftier and impossible height. But it was different to see it now, for the great tor, with its rugged summit, stood close beside them, high among the lesser hills, with no path scaling it, no evidence of human feet having ever trodden it.

And how could they? the girl thought, bending her head to listen to the noise of a river which she could not see, for the height on which she stood was clothed below her with stunted oaks, whose jagged lichen-covered branches grew so wildly and so densely that, even on this October day, she could not see the brawling little stream beyond. It looked as if Nature had determined that no foot should tread that bleak weird dreary hill to disturb its savage isolation.

"Wait for me," the girl said, and with a sudden impulse plunged among the dwarfed and scraggy trees, as if she needs must see whether it were possible to cross the water down in the hollow, which she could not see, though she could hear its rushing passage.

Carrying her hat in her hand, while again and again the brittle old boughs caught her hair and forced her often to creep along close to the ground, the girl made her way down the steep bank, where there was no real path. But neither when she reached the water's edge, nor though she groped on for some distance either way, did she find any means of crossing this stream which dashed hastily along among the rocks between the steep wooded bank on which she stood and the bleak slope of the grim old scaur opposite.

"How silent and how awful it stands in its desolate solitude!" the girl said. "I think I am glad that I cannot find a way to reach it. Some other time"—quite brightly, with no shadow in her eyes from the coming days—"perhaps I may find a way."

And then she turned, and, climbing among the crisp and fallen leaves, soon reached the fuller light and fresher air.

"I'm quite sure now, Rachel," she said, replacing her hat, and retaking her seat in the little carriage, "that the house must be very near."

But, though they soon saw it, standing alone, gray and bleak and harsh of outline, they found their journey was by no means at an end for Sam so strenuously rebelled against approaching the house in any way save his own way—which was a back way—that he had to be led as well as driven round through a pair of iron gates between two squat stone pillars and up a short weed-encumbered drive, cutting directly through a square enclosure shut in by low stone walls.

"Perhaps once—in the forgotten ages," observed Miss Hopkins, with slow grave scrutiny—"this might have been turf. Flowers there could never have been, nor footsteps passing to and fro of people who would gather them."

Even now, when he found himself at last on a flat surface, Sam showed no lively gratitude, but drew up moodily before the closed door, and took his stand in stolid dejection, as if perfectly aware that the time had now arrived when only a dogged interminable patience was to be nourished in his own interests.

"Try again, Rachel," said her mistress hopefully, when Rachel looked round at her in despair, having vainly performed upon the rusty old knocker until it seemed as if its heavy echoing sounds could have awakened all the moor—"once more!"

So Rachel tried once more, and, while her vigorous fingers hailed strong sonorous strokes upon the door, a window beside her was opened with slow unwillingness, and a woman stared from it out upon the scene.

"Kindly open the door, will you?" said Miss Hopkins from the carriage, with that easy confidence which so often secures obedience before the person addressed has had time to argue with herself that obedience is a grace to accord.

The grim unlovely head was withdrawn, and, after a disagreeable grating of rusty bolts and locks, the door creaked back upon its hinges.

"I hope this was the right door to come to," observed Miss Hopkins, sniffing at the rigid woman in the doorway.

"It'll do," was the sullen answer. "You're a stranger, so 'tis no 'fence to come to the fore door; but we do use the other."

"Would you mind our resting for a little time, and would you give our pony a rest too?" the girl asked. "We have come a long way."

"There's an inn on the moor," retorted the woman sternly.

"No doubt; but we have not passed one since we left Clingford. May we rest ourselves?"

The woman stood in a glum silence, barring the way, as it were, into a gloomy hall, and looking immovably out upon Sam's head.

"Well," asked the girl again, still pleasantly interrogative, "may we rest?"

"You can't want rest when you've been sitting in a carriage."

"Oh, but we have walked just half way," said Miss Hopkins, with an air of persistency, "and are very hungry too!"

She paused here, keenly noting an ominous cloud fall over the woman's face; and then she went on in a quite different tone, as if she had caught a clue she needed—"If you would be kind enough to let us pay—as if this were an inn—for a little corn or meal for the pony and a glass of milk or something for ourselves, we should be very grateful."

A visible relaxing of the woman's face, though certainly not in a way to make it more attractive.

"Come in," she said less sullenly; and Miss Hopkins followed her into the hall, where—blushing shyly as she did so—she laid a half-sovereign down upon the table.

But she need not have suffered from sensitive scruples. Far from the woman's feelings being hurt, she pocketed the coin greedily, and then stood pondering, while the girl calmly studied her. She was a tall large-boned woman, dressed in some rough green stuff, with a blue and white checked apron over it, a little scrow of iron-gray hair on the very crown of her head, and one solid-looking curl in front of either ear. Her face was gaunt and hard, with innumerable little crosses round the cold small eyes—indeed lines everywhere, it seemed, in the brown weather-beaten skin. So impressed was Miss Hopkins by the hardy brownness of the woman that it was little wonder she started when a raised sharp voice called from an inner room—

"Brown 'Ilda!"

"Come here," was the gruff response; and there came out to them another woman, if possible taller, thinner, browner, and with still more numerous furrows round the sunken eyes. It would have been impossible to doubt for a moment that these were sisters; but Miss Hopkins still closer held the truth when she guessed at once that they were twins. "What's to be done with that pony for a bit, Christy Ann?" inquired the woman who had been called Brown 'Ilda, evidently throwing into her peculiar intonation the private information to her sister that all was safe in their own interests. "Where's Holly?"

"Loar came over for the apples he'd paid for, and so Holly's gone to the orchard with him to see he don't take too many."

"There's not too many to take," was the blunt retort.

"If you will show my friend the way to the stables, she will unharness the pony," observed Miss Hopkins, placidly observant—keenly so, in spite of her apparent ease and indifference.

"I'll point to it," said the second-comer. "There's a man from Clingford there with his horses, and he'll see to yourn if you give him something."

"Thank you," said the girl, glancing at Rachel with a merry twinkle in her eyes, then walking after her guide through the bare hall, past a handsome oaken staircase, and into a large stone-paved kitchen which looked out upon the margin of the dense line of stunted oaks that fringed the river. A few fagots were smouldering on the open hearth, and Miss Hopkins walked up to it. "Will you put some fresh wood on, please?" she requested. "It would be more cheerful."

The woman took an armful of fagots from the floor outside the wide chimney and threw them down upon the burning ones.

"You can't be cold," she observed, with a sort of morose contempt as she watched the girl's evident pleasure in the crackling noise and the light that filled the kitchen, acknowledging it was well for her that she did not attempt to show any airs and graces.

"No; our pony's lassitude prevented that," returned Miss Hopkins readily; "but still, I like this cheery warmth—here"—with a little emphasis on the last word, but no meaning glance round the wretched apartment.

"Is that young woman yer servant or yer friend?"

"Both."

"And you're hungry, are ye?"

"Oh, very! This wonderful air is responsible for that. I should think that, living here, you must be hungry all day long."

"We've something else to think of."

After this vigorous retort the two sisters silently pursued their avocations, partly in the kitchen and partly in a room beyond, which Miss Hopkins saw to be a combination of dairy and larder.

"I have heard of this farm of Ravenstor," she remarked, when the silence seemed to have lasted a good while.

"Not much to hear of."

"Oh, yes, I think there was!" replied the girl, looking round—Rachel had come in now, and, having put her mistress a chair before the flaming fagots, had seated herself at the table, taken up the great brown loaf that had been put upon it, and was cutting thin slices of bread-and-butter. "Mr. Chick lives here, doesn't he?"

"I should think so. Who else?"

"And you are——"

"We're Miss Chicks."

"I see"—demurely. "It is from Miss Glenorris I have heard of this house. It belongs to her, doesn't it?"

"Belongs to her!" ejaculated both the women shrilly. "Of course it doesn't!"

"Oh!" said Miss Hopkins calmly. "How is that?"

"No houses on the moor belong to anybody but the Prince of Wales."

"I beg his Royal Highness's pardon. It is Miss Glenorris's only for a certain time—twenty years perhaps, or nearly so. Miss Glenorris is a friend of mine," Miss Hopkins continued, noticing how both the women stared at her in silent astonishment; "and, judging from what she has said, it is not unlikely she may herself come and live here."

"She won't be so mad!" said Christiana roughly. "It wouldn't pay her."

"But perhaps she will not mind about the profit, but will come for pleasure."

"She won't be so 'ard on us," put in Brunhilda, turning back just as she was going to mount a steep bare staircase leading from the kitchen. "What right would she have to turn us out?"

"Perhaps," suggested Miss Hopkins, with a mischievous sparkle in her eye, "she might ask what right you have to keep her out?"

"What right?" reiterated the twins, in rather a high-pitched key.

"Yes; she might even ask what claim have you upon this farm?"

"My mother," said Christiana, in a very convincing staccato, "was Mr. Glenorris's wife's cousin, and he gave her the use of the farm for her life. He'd bought it for his son—bought the lease, I mean, paying out and out for the eight-and-twenty years—because once the moor air did the lad good—he was an awful dunce about his son. When his son went abroad, old Glenorris seemed to forget he had the farm. He couldn't have willed it away, because by the wording of the lease it was obliged to go to his next of kin and the estate to pay all dues. My mother was a Miss Hollebone. Hollebone's one of the real old Devon names. My brother's named after her."

"I heard you speak of Holly," said Miss Hopkins, with the warm look of merriment in her eyes. "Your names sounded to me unusual too. Are they also real old Devon?"

"No," said Christiana curtly. "We were born in Denmark, when father was a sailor."

"I think," ruminated Miss Hopkins, as she looked from one to the other of the two grim women, "I remember reading of a Brunhilda of Denmark. She was passionately fond of the hills and of animals, and—not of men. You were probably named after her, Miss Chick. Is your mother well?"

"She's in the grave."

"Oh!" said Miss Hopkins, with a start of surprise, not so much at the intelligence as at the mode of its delivery. "How long ago?"

"A year."

It seemed as if the girl suddenly now remembered her hunger, for she seated herself silently at the table, and had just taken a slice of bread and butter from Rachel, who brought the great plate to her left hand in an orthodox respectful manner, rather at variance with the surroundings, when the door was roughly pushed open, and a man came in whom Miss Hopkins felt at once to be the son of the house. His hair and whiskers were of vivid orange-color, and he bore little likeness to his sisters, save in the high cheek-bones, so prominent in him that the tight skin actually seemed to move with difficulty over them. Indeed, when Miss Hopkins glanced from his cheeks to his hands, so hard and gnarled and huge in the knuckles, she caught herself wondering why his sisters did not form a pet abbreviation from the last syllable of his name instead of the first.

"I daresay he's only thirty," she said to herself, calmly contemplative, "though he may be fifty; and his sisters may be only about forty-five, though the look more like sixty."

She had nodded very slightly to young Mr. Chick, in recognition of his prolonged stare, and now fell to slowly demolishing her shaving of brown bread-and-butter, while neither eyes nor ears were idle.

"What's Johnson here to-day for?" he inquired, apparently of his sisters, though without turning his head to them he sat at the table and helped himself to bread-and-cheese.

"He thought he ought to come over before that next of kin of old Glenorris's takes possession of the property, and he's had a telegraph to say she'll be at Merlswood to-morrow."

"I s'pose you'll have to offer him something to eat," remarked Mr. Chick, with his mouth full, and a hideous smile on his lips. "As he never eats here, 'tis safe to offer."

The girl who was listening placidly accepted another slice of bread-and-butter, doubled it with mathematical precision, and began to consume it deliberately, sipping her milk lazily between whiles, and shaking her head with a calm returning gaze when Hollebone Chick, after a long bold stare, pushed the cheese-dish against her plate as a friendly attention.

Before she had finished a scanty luncheon she understood what a boor this man was—heartless, greedy, even impious—yet understood too that, such as he was, his two older sisters waited upon him and delighted in him with admiring adulation.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS HOPKINS was pondering how long she should have to stay among this grim household before she could see us head, when he came bustling into the kitchen, muttering as he came, in a high complaining key—

"Of course we're putting in our wheat now. Of course we are—of course. On this precious damp soil what else should we do?"

Miss Hopkins, with the old scrutiny, so alert, yet so thoroughly easy and natural, turned to the old man, and saw over his bent figure and narrow hard face the gray head of the gentleman who had taken her seat, and driven Sam against the gate to let his horses pass in the narrow lane.

"Well, I can only hope you'll not regret having done so," he said to Mr. Chick, while he courteously recognized the girl whom he had assisted. "For I think it's extremely doubtful whether Miss Glenorris will allow you to stay here."

"She'd better!" said the old man, peering inquisitively across at the new inmates of his kitchen.

"She may not think so. She may, on the contrary, think that, being well off, able-bodied, and shrewd in business, you need not live on any one's farm rent-free."

"We cultivate the farm," put in Hollebone, with a heavy frown upon his face.

"Indeed!"

"This new Glenorris woman might be glad to be assured by you it was well cultivated, Johnson," observed the old man, with a very significant leer.

"It's neither properly cultivated, in my opinion," replied "the new Glenorris woman's" agent, "nor is any rent ever received. You know my opinion of the justice of that; I've made no secret of it."

"My wife was nearly related to Glenorris, and he intended the farm——"

"He gave you the use of the farm until either his son came to it or your wife died; you understood that as well as I did," rejoined Mr. Johnson sternly.

"This new person, whoever she is, can't turn us out."

"Not herself perhaps," returned the agent smiling; "but I can do it for her."

"You!" cried Hollebone, with an insolent laugh; but the old man put in a few words fawningly—

"You can advise the other way, Johnson. You shall have no need to repent it if you do."

"I should have great need to repent it if I did," was the prompt response.

"You say you're a friend of Miss Glenorris's," interposed Miss Chick, addressing the girl who sat quietly waiting until this argument should be settled. "If so, you'd better tell her it's a haunted old place, not fit for anybody to live in. Very few but us would live in it at any price. A gentleman brought his wife here long ago, and, after treating her cruelly for years, he threw her down those stairs. You see the stain on the stone at the bottom? Nothing will wash it out; and if she comes——"

"But, if you are not alarmed," put in the girl, thinking less of the story told to her than of the story enacted before her, "why should you imagine Miss Glenorris will be?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE makes fools of the wise.

Bric-a-Brac.

MEXICAN GIFTS.—Mexicans have a curious habit of presenting you with anything you happen to express a fancy for, from the rings on their fingers to their residences, and all they contain. But then, they don't mean you to formally take the gift. It is only their way of being polite to you.

THE PEACH.—If a peach-stone is thrown down in almost any part of Australia where there is a little moisture, a tree will spring up which in a few years will yield handsomely. A well-known botanist used formerly to carry with him, during extensive travels, a small bag of peach-stones to plant in suitable places, and many a wandering settler has blessed him since.

THE LAST WORD.—According to the tradition "sack" was the last word uttered before the confusion of tongues at Babel; therefore all peoples retain it. For instance, in Saxony it is "sace;" German, "sack;" Welsh, "sack;" Irish, "sac;" French, "sac;" Latin, "saccus;" Italian, "sacco;" Spanish, "saco;" Greek, "sakkos;" Hebrew, "sak;" Swedish, "sack," and so on throughout the whole world.

AFRICAN COINS.—The Marie Theresa dollar is the only coin known in Abyssinia. Cloth and bars of rock salt, ten inches long by two inches wide and deep, bound with a reed, serve as their ordinary means of barter. A recent traveler says he made everlasting friendship with a village chief by making him a present of an empty Worcester sauce bottle, the glass stopper appearing to be a source of delight and comfort to him.

IN TURKEY.—In Turkey scholastic works are all embellished with titles such as the following: "The Splendid Pearl," on the principles of Mussulman laws; "The Cutting Sword;" a treatise on religious controversies; "The Casket of Pearls;" useful advice to the military profession; and "The Willow Branch, with the Most Beautiful Rhetorical Leaves." Most of the above works are sold at prices which bring them within the reach of everybody.

IN JERUSALEM.—There is but one clean spot in the whole Jewish district of Jerusalem. It is the old temple land at the Western wall of Haram, 160 feet in length and 10 feet wide. It is the place where the Jews perform their lamentations. There are always a few pilgrims there. On Friday night most of the Jews congregate to mourn over the fall of the holy city. In long Hebrew antiphons they bewail its departed glory, and lean their hearts against the walls and cry and kiss the stones.

THE FIG.—Figs are the fruit of a tree, which is a native of Asia, but was early imported into Europe; it flourishes in France, Spain, Italy, and even ripens its fruit in this country. The earliest fig-trees introduced into England are still in the archbishop's garden at Lambeth; they are believed to have been planted by Cardinal Pole; they now bear fine fruit. The greater part of the figs are from the shores of the Levant. The figs, when ripe, are dried in ovens, and are packed in boxes and small baskets for exportation. The fig-tree seldom grows more than twelve feet high, but is very spreading, and bears large lobed leaves, which are annual in Europe, and perennial between the tropics.

THE OLDEST STOCK.—The most ancient stock of royalty is that of the Mikado. The Chinese, it is true, claim that their history begins about 3,000 years B. C., but this must be taken with considerable salt. Against the 5,000 years or more of the Chinese, the Japanese place only 2,544. They date their calendar from the accession of Jimmu Tenno, which took place April 7th, 660 B. C. This assertion may also be subject to dispute by historians, but the fact remains undisputed that while China has had 22 dynasties, Japan has had but one. There has been but one long unbroken chain of monarchs, the longest, oldest dynasty in the world, in comparison with which the Guelphs, Hapsburgs, and Romanoffs are but of yesterday.

EARTH'S GREAT ONES.—Robert Stevenson left no family behind. His wife died many years ago, and he remained a widower so that the direct line from George Stevenson, the eminent engineer, has died out. James Watt, the noted inventor, left no descendants. It appears that the men noted for mechanical genius, like many of those famous in literature, science and government, leave no children to perpetuate their names. Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Pope, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Grey, Cowper, Collins, Thompson, Goldsmith, Congreve, Home, Bishop, Butler, Locke, Hobbs, Adam Smith, Bentham, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Byron, Lord Clyde and others well known to fame have no representatives now living.

LIFE'S CONTRASTS.—On a certain street in Denver, Col., is a stone mansion of surpassing elegance which, with its grounds, cost nearly $1,000,000. Directly opposite, on a vacant lot is a tent, boarded up inside as far as the angle of the roof. The back end of it is pierced with a stove pipe, and in the front end are a door and window. In the window hangs a curtain of costly lace, and in the tent is a piano of exquisite tone. The tent itself did not cost over $20. The piano, upholstery and furniture inside are said to have cost over $3000. The owner planted his tent here over twenty-five years ago, and is one of the moderately successful Colorado miners, being worth about $50,000. He prefers his tent to any dwelling house, and says he would not exchange it for Windsor Castle.

FOOTSTEPS OF DAY.

BY RITA.

I saw the maiden Morn go forth—her steps were soft and still—
To load her golden pitcher at the sun fount on the hill;
And, as she bowed her meekly down, the Spirit of the Day
Stole by, and with his waking breath kissed Night's dew-tears away.

I saw the maiden yet again, but her looks were proud and high,
And scarce Earth's bossy shield could bear the fire-darts of the sky;
And the bridegroom lay beside her, his giant limbs outspread,
Far in their noontide slumber, on his azure-bannered bed.

I saw the maiden yet again, but her feet were hurrying on,
As 'twere some hooded pilgrim ere yet his journey done;
Quenched was the sunlight in her eyes, and down were on her breast,
While Evening flung her purple scarf along the shadowed west.

I saw the maiden once again, and as she passed in flight,
The Moon with man's sister star, came dancing into sight;
And sad and soft on spirit-wings, as the vision rolled away,
Fell down the Night's dark curtain on the chambers of the Day.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XIII—(CONTINUED.)

"THERE, I don't understand the ways of English ladies."

It was two-edged, accusing both Lady Fanshaw and herself of coquetry, and trifling with the feelings of others.

Arthur Range did not know how deeply his words cut, nor how much poison they left in the wound, for during some days past Judith had been trying to nerve herself to a difficult task—that of speaking to Alice regarding her conduct with Carleigh. It was innocent enough on her part, but shocked the senses of a girl fresh from a retired Eastern life. Besides George Carleigh was soon to be her betrothed, so Alice Fanshaw said in many a confidential chat, which always, however, trailed off into a cool silence that was irksome to both.

"I'll speak to her," Judith had said to herself. "No, I cannot; she would rebuke me and say it was jealousy, and I could not bear her to say that."

And so the matter had stood, Judith's heart bleeding as she seemed to see the shadow of coming trouble in her cousin's frivolity, and pain for the noble, trusting uncle whom she dearly loved.

Judith's face, then, flamed as she gazed indignantly in Range's eyes, and he felt ready to throw himself at her feet and beg for pardon.

"Pray forgive me," he said, earnestly, "Miss Nesbitt—Judith. Have some pity on me. It is my blunt way. You know what I am. Heaven knows that I would not willingly say a word that should offend you. It was a slip."

"A slip!" she said, scornfully. "Oh, Mr. Range, it was—it was—oh!" she cried, with a stamp of her little foot, "you were right. It is quite time that you should go."

One moment there was a glimpse of Judith's indignant face, with its flashing eyes, then she was gone, flowers and all.

Arthur Range stood motionless for a few minutes, with his breast swelling with rage, misery, and disappointment.

"She's right," he said to himself; "it is time I was away. I oughtn't to have come. I did have a sort of prophetic warning in the 'Grand' that morning that I should only make myself miserable by coming and I have.

"What a savage I am! The sooner I'm back with Uncle Wash, the better. I'm no more fit for the society of English ladies than a bear. What's the good of money? A girl like that thinks nothing of it. Nor yet of me. Well, I suppose it's my nature. She read what I meant as if it had been printed, and—well, it was a bit of honest indignation on my part. I don't care," he continued, throwing himself into a seat: "it's disgraceful, and Judith oughtn't to marry such a scoundrel—and, I suppose they'll call him here. I don't think the other means any harm, poor woman; but she's walking on the brink of a precipice and doesn't know it. She's always with that blackguard; and if ever man tried to tempt woman to do wrong, I believe from my soul Carleigh's tempting her; while Sir Harry, gentle, chivalrous old soldier—by George! I quite love the old fellow!—he sees nothing, hears nothing, in his simple faith and worship of the beautiful woman he has made his wife.

"Oh! a mistake, a mi-take," he said, after a pause. "May and October. Poor old fellow, if she does go wrong it will kill him.

"Am I wrongfully suspicious?" he went on. "Is it only the free way of Englishwomen? No, I'm right, or Judith would not have flamed up as she did. It was more than indignation about herself. One can see it all. Some day the poor old fellow will wake up and find himself alone. He's just the sort of man who would blow his brains out in despair," he continued, watching the brothers where they sat.

"No, he's a soldier, one of those gentle, chivalrous old trusting fellows; but if his faith were broken, he'd be another man—the man who has led his men into battle. I believe he'd kill that blackguard like a dog, and—serve him right.

"Shall I put him on his guard, poor old fellow? How handsome he looks, with his great, drooping, grey moustache—gentleman to the backbone. They may sneer at breed, but there's breed there: so there is in his bluff old brother. By George! what a pair! I don't wonder that English soldiers carry all before them. I'd follow either of those men to the death.

"Heighoh! It's a queer world! Well, what shall I do? Tell him to look out? Give his brother a hint?

"I should deserve horsewhipping if I did and I should get it. After all, it is only my mean, beggarly, contemptible education that makes me think such things of a pure-minded English lady. I'm in the wrong; she's right enough. Some day that scoundrel will go too far, get ordered out of the house, and all will be well. She's too sweet a woman and too clever not to see her danger soon.

"My course is marked out; I've been dreaming, and I've woke up. I've ended by disgracing myself with Judith; but she will say nothing. I must not make matters worse by doing so dastardly a thing as speaking to the General—either General.

"Perhaps all this is a lesson for me in the manners of polite society; and I shall get on better by-and-by. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, bitterly. "The idea of my aspiring to that sweet English lady; but the thought of her being betrothed to that fellow seemed to stir me. No, don't be a humbug, Arthur; you know you took a fancy when at Malaypore, and it was that made you take this European trip with a faint sort of idea that perhaps—perhaps—perhaps—

"There, the bubble's burst. I'll write her a line, and beg her pardon. No I won't. She'll think better of me for asking it openly, and in a frank, manly way, and I will directly after dinner—if I get a chance."

He started, for, unheard, the brothers had approached over the soft grass.

"Hallo, traveler!" said Sir Robert, heartily.

"All alone, Range?" said Sir Harry.

"Thought I saw Judith with you," said Sir Robert; and the brothers seated themselves by the visitor.

"Yes, she was gathering flowers," said Range, "and has gone in."

"Well, are you ready for the birds, Range?" said Sir Harry. "Burton tells me the coveys are splendid this year."

"Ready? No, Sir Harry. I have made up my mind to go to-morrow."

"Go? To-morrow? My dear boy, don't think of such a thing. I'm reckoning on some good tramps over the stubble with you."

"The jade! she's snubbed him," thought Sir Robert. "What hoyden girls are!" Then, aloud, "You're not going, Range?"

"Yes, Sir Robert, yes. Do you know, I've been here going on for six weeks?"

"No," said Sir Robert, "and I'm sure my brother doesn't. All we know is that we have for a visitor a jolly nice, frank young fellow from the West, and that we've both been delighted with his society."

"Indeed, yes," said Sir Harry; "and I shall be terribly disappointed if you don't stay. Here, I must set Lady Fanshaw at him Bob. He can't refuse her."

"No," said Sir Robert, whose face turned a little gloomy just then. "You'll have to stay, Range."

"He doesn't say he'll set his niece at me," thought Range; and, in a quiet, firm tone, he persisted in his determination; and so the matter ended by Range going up to the house.

"Judy's been snubbing him, Harry," said Sir Robert.

"Snubbing him?"

"Yes. I'll be bound to say he has been proposing to her, and she has snubbed him."

"Surely, Mr. Range, knowing as he does that George is to marry her, would not overstep his position? He is not polished, but I don't think he would forget himself like that."

"Oh! I don't know, Harry. A fellow in love says and does strange things."

"I don't think Mr. Range would so far forget his position as my guest."

"I do, and I hope he has."

"My dear Bob," said Sir Harry, laying his hand upon his brother's knee, "this is a crase of yours."

"Very likely."

"You don't much care for George Carleigh?"

"Not at all."

"I'm sorry, Bob, because he tells me that matters are quietly progressing between him and Judith, and I sincerely hope that he and my darling little niece will soon be man and wife."

"My darling little niece, Harry; and I'm dead against you there."

"And it's no use for either of us to worry my dear boy, for the young people will settle it all themselves."

"Egad! they will, Harry; and so I'll hold my tongue."

"Ah! there is Alice, and George is with her," said Sir Harry, rising. "I'll go and join them."

"And I shall stop here. I've just a threatening of gout in my right toe, Harry, and I shall rest it for a bit," said Sir Robert, whose countenance became overcast.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST TIME OF ASKING.

SIR HARRY rose and strolled off to join Lady Fanshaw, and Sir Robert sat frowning and looking after him till, all at once, he became aware of a shadow at his feet, and there was Judith, looking rather white.

"Ah, you're there, are you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, uncle."

"Come closer, Judy," said the old man, sternly. "I want to talk to you."

Judith sat down close to him, and he took hold of her arm, remaining silent for some few minutes.

"Judy," he said at last, "you're a woman grown."

"Yes, uncle."

"And I'm a blunt old man of the world."

"Yes, uncle."

"I'm going to speak very plainly to you. I don't want to make mischief, mind that."

"I'm sure you don't, uncle."

"Then, look here, my darling; I'm in a hobble."

"A hobble, uncle?"

"Yes, my dear. I don't like the way things are going here."

The color began to come in Judith's cheeks.

"Tell me this frankly, without any missy fine airs—Are you going to marry George Carleigh?"

"No, uncle. Never!"

"Well, that's emphatic," said the old man, with a sigh of relief. "I'm sorry for your uncle's sake, because he's set on it. I'm glad for mine, for I'm not. But look here, he's paying all sorts of attentions to your cousin to pique you; and I don't like to see it—not manly and nice; and some day it will be giving Uncle Harry a twinge worse than the gout. What's to be done?"

"Oh, uncle, I don't know."

"I can't tell Harry. I can't speak to Alice of course. I won't speak about it to George Carleigh; I won't let him see that I notice it; but it must be stopped!"

Judith looked at her uncle in a troubled way.

"You must speak either to Alice or George Carleigh, or—there, no; I won't swear before you, my dear; it isn't nice and manly; but it has given me the gout horribly. It has upset me, and it flies to my toe. You've—you've noticed this?"

"Don't; please don't ask me, dear."

"But I have asked you, girl. What's to be done?"

"I—I don't know, dear."

"Hang the puppy! I wish Harry didn't believe in him so. Dear old boy, he's like a child over such matters. You must speak to Alice."

"Uncle, it would break up our friendship forever."

"Then you must speak to George Carleigh."

"My dear uncle, it is impossible!"

"Then what is to be done?" he cried, in a perplexed way. "There, there, I suppose we must wait, and let the enemy develop his tactics a little more before we shape our own."

"Yes, uncle," said Judith, with a sigh of relief, and she half rose.

"No, no," said the old gentleman; "I have not done with you yet. Sit down."

Judith resumed her place.

"Now, once more, you won't have George Carleigh? This is the last time of asking?"

"No, uncle, I—will—not!"

"Then what's this about you and Range?"

"Uncle!"

"You two have been quarrelling—you've snubbed him, you jade!"

"I—I don't know what you mean, uncle."

"Yes you do, pussy. I know as well as can be. Poor fellow! He's been saying something, and you've thought it premature and snubbed him. You did, didn't you?"

"Yes, uncle," said Judith, consciously.

"Ah, well! don't be hard on him. Never mind his money; he's none the worse for being rich. What I think most of is that he's a thoroughly nice fellow. Don't let him go, Judy."

"Not let him go, uncle?"

"No; he's down in the dumps, and he has told us he'll go to-morrow; and by Jove! he means it too."

"Ah!"

Judith sank back against the seat, with her face white, and her lower lip dropped just a little, as if to show how prettily red it was, while the old man chuckled very softly.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Call me a conceited old dunce if you like, Harry, but if I don't understand woman better than you do, I'm a Dutchman. There, run away now, my dear. I've given you plenty of mental food for one morning; go now and let it digest."

Judith turned her eyes, full of tears, upon her uncle, and the old man caught her to his breast, held her there with the sobs struggling for exit, and then released her, saying, hastily—

"Get away with you pussy! We mustn't have a scene out here. I say, Judy," he cried, holding her hand as she was going, "that was the last time of asking, you know."

"Yes—yes—yes!" she cried, nodding through her tears; "the very, very, very last time of asking, uncle; and I don't want to marry anybody at all."

"What wicked little storytellers girls are," said the old General, laughing softly; "and the best of the fun is they think all the while that they are speaking nothing but the truth."

He sat leaning forward and watching the pretty figure going up to the ivy-grown, old stone mansion, now in the shade, now in the brilliant sunshine, and there was a pleasant smile upon his face for awhile.

Then it grew more sober, and he sighed as he thought of what his life might have been if some such sweet woman as the one he watched had shed the sunshine of her smile upon him.

"Ah!" he said, softly, "I daresay I should have been quite another man."

Just then Judith disappeared, and he saw his brother going round the end of the house, while George Carleigh was talking rather markedly to Lady Fanshaw, who was about to enter the drawing-room window.

The pleasant look upon Sir Robert's countenance gave place to a stern frown, and he drew himself up with something of his old military air, as he muttered—

"Something must be done!"

CHAPTER XV.

A CONFESSION OF SOUL.

THE remainder of that day passed in a somewhat constrained manner. Every member of the family at Helmthorpe seemed to be troubled with a desire for solitude till they were united at dinner; and even that sociable meal passed off in a curiously stiff fashion.

After coffee, the two younger men strolled out into the grounds, to find that the night had turned gloomy, as if a storm were threatening. The air was thick and heavy, dense clouds veiling the sky; but the scent of the flowers came soft and sweet, and as Range walked slowly towards the drawing-room window, Carleigh, who was singularly silent, hanging behind and lighting a cigar, his heart gave a throb as he saw Judith's white dress where she stood leaning against the open glass casement.

"I can't go away without asking her to forgive me," he said. "It's my last night here, and I shall always remember these happy days when I am far away."

"Pish! how sentimental I am. Here, I'll go and speak to her like a man—right to the point."

He hesitated for a moment, and then Carleigh passed him, smoking, and went up to the other window, where Range supposed Lady Fanshaw to be; though, the lamps not being lit, he could not see her.

"I'm sorry it is so lovely a night," said Range, quietly, as he stopped in front of Judith.

"Why?"

"Because it will make my departure more difficult. This place is so beautiful. I have passed such happy days here."

Judith did not speak.

"Can Lady Fanshaw hear what I say?"

"No," said Judith, huskily, "I think not, and she is talking to Captain Carleigh now."

"Did you expect me to come and speak to you to-night?"

"Yes."

"Will you come with me round the grounds?"

"No. You can speak to me here."

Range remained silent now for a few minutes, during which they could hear the low murmur of Carleigh's deep voice on the one side, and from the other, where the light streamed out, an occasional laugh and the clink of a coffee cup.

"I wanted to ask you to forgive me," said Range, at last.

"Forgive you?"

"For all I said to-day. I was much to blame. I grew excited, for I was bitter and disappointed. I had no right to be."

"No."

"But I felt it just as keenly."

"And you are really going to-morrow?"

"Yes. I would rather go. I have been here a long time. It will be better so."

To Range's astonishment and delight, Judith just then placed her hand upon his arm.

"Let us go down the garden," she said, softly, and his heart gave a great throb.

The next moment it was as heavy as lead, for he saw before them the figures of Carleigh and Lady Fanshaw, and he felt that he was to go and play police.

If that had been Judith's intention, it proved to be a failure, for in a few minutes the other couple were invisible, and Judith was too intent upon her companion's words to think more of her cousin.

They had strolled nearly down to the Wilderness when Range stopped short, loosed her arm, and remained for a few moments watching the flitting here and there of a white moth, and the bright spark of a glow-worm in one of the banks.

"Different to the fireflies at Ma'aypore," he said.

"Yes."

It was quite a whisper, and there was another silence, then Range drew a long breath.

"Miss Nesbitt," he said, "I meant to have said to you to-night, in a plain, manly way, 'forgive me, and good-bye:' but there's a something that seems to make me say more to you—who told me to-day I was your friend. I want to say to you that I hope you'll be very happy when you are married to Captain Carleigh."

It was a clumsy speech, awkwardly spoken, but it made Judith's heart bound.

"I shall never marry Captain Carleigh," she said at last.

"Then I will—I must tell you," he said, in a low, eager whisper; "I cannot keep it back. Miss Nesbitt—Judith—I love you—I do, as truly as a man could love you. I know all my faults, how unworthy I am, but if you'll give some hope, I'll try so hard to make myself more refined—a man at whom your friends would never sneer. Ah! you don't believe me," he said, bitterly. "You have no faith in me."

"Yes I have," she said, quietly; "but this is all a mistake. You are so rich that hundreds of brilliant matches will be open to you. You are a mate for a princess."

"Rich? Why, you'd not refuse me because I am so rich?" he said. "Take away

my money, and what am I? You don't refuse me for that?"

"I do," said Judith, firmly.

"Then I'll make myself poor for your sake," he cried.

"Why, what would your rich relatives say?"

"That I had again shown them that I was the luckiest fellow under the sun, and the cleverest."

"Cleverest!"

"In winning the love of a sweet, pure, English lady."

His words were so earnest and manly that Judith felt touched.

"I'm not much," he said, "I know the best point in me is my love for you."

"Oh, nonsense!" she said, laughing. "Mr. Range, why, you will see hundreds of ladies in your travels."

"So I have," he said, seriously: "German, French, Italian, Swiss—I've seen them all, and I have never felt to care to give one thought to them. Do you know why?"

"No. How should I?"

"I had seen you, and though I tried very hard to forget you——"

"Ah! but that was not polite," said Judith, with a forced laugh to conceal her trouble, but which laugh he took to be real.

"No," he said, bitterly. "It was not polite; but it was a weak, ignorant man's way of trying to get over a trouble. I might have known. I did know, but it was no use. I did struggle against it, and it's all over now."

He held out his hand, but Judith did not seem to see it.

"You have forgiven me for what I said to-day?"

"Yes, Mr. Range."

"Thank you," he said, quietly, and with a gentle appeal in his tone that was almost pathetic. "Now please try and forget all this, and in the kindness of your sweet, girlish nature don't be hard upon me. Don't ridicule the rough young Yankee fellow who was very rich, and was weak enough to think he might win an English lady's heart."

The moth kept fluttering round and round the glow-worm's light as if it were a candle, and the silence was almost intense as the sweet breath of the honeysuckle floated towards them; while Judith's tears, unseen by her companion, fell fast, and her heart kept on beating, "Yes—no—yes—no—yes—no," in answer to the question she kept asking.

Poor Arthur Range! he was ignorant indeed; too, ready to disparage himself, or he would perhaps have fared differently.

Had he boldly clasped Judith there in his arms, for the moment she would have resented it, then yielded to the insensible force that would have dominated her will, and Range would have walked back to the house with her a happy man.

As it was, he suddenly took a step towards her, caught her hand in his, and kissed it.

"God bless you!" he cried, hoarsely. "I shall not see you again alone. Good-bye!"

He had turned and hurried back to the house, as Judith thought, but only stepped in amongst the bushes and stood watching till he saw the soft white robe cross the threshold of the now lit-up drawing-room window. Then he turned and walked hurriedly away in among the trees, to seek the darkest part of the grounds, where he might try in the silent shadows to regain his equanimity before going up to the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

"COME out; I want to speak to you," said Carleigh, in a low tone, as he went up to the open drawing-room window.

"To speak to me?" said Lady Fanshaw, rather huskily, and, as if forced by his stronger will, she stepped out on to the dewy lawn, and walked with him slowly towards the shrubbery.

As they came opposite to the open dining-room window, Alice paused, and stood gazing in at the two silver-haired brothers; and her eyes rested upon the elderly, handsome face of her husband till Carleigh touched her on the arm.

"Come," he said, softly; and she walked silently away by his side.

She was conscious of a feeling that she should not do this thing, that it would be better to return at once to the house, but a strong emotion moved her to obey; and before she was aware of it, the little rustic gate had clicked, and they were down in the Wilderness, where the waters dashed and trickled musically, and from out of the darkest part there came a low, fluttering noise as the night-jar uttered its strange vibrating croak.

The moths were many here, circling and hawking here and there; glow-worms could be seen in several of the banks, and a soft diffusion of light that was almost darkness came from above, amongst the trees.

"Why have you come down here?" she said at last. "It is getting late. Let us go back to the house."

"Because I am miserable," he whispered.

"What nonsense, George! There, you are mad and foolish. Come, be sensible. You are neglecting Judith for me."

"Judith! Would you like me to be always hanging after that weak, white-haired child?"

She made no reply.

"I read your answer in your silence," said Carleigh, softly. "Alice, Alice, why could you not wait?"

"How absurd!" she cried. "Why, there was nothing between us. And now I forbid this subject forever. Come, let us go back."

"No," he said, in a deep voice. "Stay here, I have much to say."

"You can as well speak up there," she replied, lightly. "Come, I am going back."

"You are going to stay," he cried, hoarsely; and leading her quickly to the great rustic seat, he half pressed her down, and took his place by her side.

"George!" she exclaimed, and there was indignation in her tones as she felt how imprudent she had been.

"Hush!" he said, hoarsely. "I must speak now."

"Speak? George Carleigh, what do you mean?"

There was the indignant tone increasing in her voice, but he did not heed it then; and as she started up he caught both her hands in his.

"Alice," he whispered, "you must hear me now. All our past bids me to speak. I cannot bear it longer. My love! my love!"

She started from him as if she had been stung, and in those moments the reality of her position came in all its force. For weeks past there had been something pleasurable in receiving the tender, respectful homage of this young and handsome man. He had been her old companion, and in the past, before his departure with his regiment to the Cape, there had been plenty of laughing flirtation.

He had gone, however, and she had not given him another thought; neither had he a thought for her till he received the news of her wedding, when he had been piqued into the earnest attentions which had resulted in the present declarations.

The days had glided by, and, thoughtlessly enough, Alice Fanshaw had received the adulation of her old companion. A thousand attentions had been offered to her like so much incense, and it had seemed very sweet, though a thought of infidelity had never crossed her mind. Still, she had gone drifting on farther and farther into danger, almost unconsciously, with no one to speak words of warning—words, however, that she would have resented as the cruellest of insults.

George Carleigh had set himself to win what he called revenge; and to this intent he had brought to bear tender words, gentle respect, all the chivalry that man should display towards woman.

Alice had found it very pleasant, and when a reproving thought made advance she had indignantly told herself that there was no harm in all this; but now, in one moment, the peril of her position was plain, and the folly of her previous conduct stared her in the face.

"Why do you repulse me like this?" he whispered. "Alice, my own love, what is the world to us—this hateful marriage, this long time of bitter ordeal?"

"Silence!" she panted. "Loose my hands. How dare you insult me with such words!"

"Insult!" he cried. "Is it an insult to tell the beautiful idol of my life that I love her?"

"George Carleigh, loose my hands. Another such word, and I lay your conduct before my husband."

"Your husband!" he cried, angrily. "What will you tell him? That you led me on with your looks and words till I spoke like this? Oh, it is too late. Remember all the past—all you have been to me! How can you resist me like this?"

"Are you mad?" she cried, struggling to free her hands.

"Yes," he said, hoarsely, "with love—the love you pretend to despise!"

"Am I to call for help?" she said, trying to be firm.

"For help?" he cried, mockingly, "help? Against me? Hush! you foolish, fluttering bird!"

"Carleigh—George—for your own sake—for my sake!"

"Yes, for our sakes," he whispered.

"For the sake of him who has been more than a father to you!"

"Silence!" he cried; "it is too late. You are mine now, Alice, love!"

"Love!" she cried, throwing him from her, in her horror and despair. "How dare you use such a word as this to me?"

"Because you are my love, my very own, and——"

"Hush! for Heaven's sake—look! There! We are watched!"

He had caught her tightly in his arms, and one moment she was fiercely struggling; the next she was motionless and inert, pointing with one hand to their right.

Carleigh loosed his hold, and as she staggered back, to sink half fainting upon the seat, covering her face with her hands, and uttering a low, sobbing moan of shame and despair, he sprang towards a figure, dimly seen in the darkness, close at hand.

Half fainting, the darkness growing blacker, and the trees circling round her giddy brain, Alice Fanshaw sat back, as if in a long and hideous nightmare, listening, while with terror, Gil Carleigh seemed to start out of the darkness before her.

"Back!" he panted, "back to the house—quick! Be calm!"

"What is it?" she said, as she rose, trembling, and then sank back helpless on the seat. "What have you done?"

"Silenced a blabbing tongue!" he replied in a hoarse whisper. "Saved your reputation and my own!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"ON HORROR'S HEAD——"

ALICE FANSHAW sank back in the rustic seat staring blankly at Carleigh, who caught her hands in his once more and tried to raise her.

His hand was cold and wet, and his garments were dripping with water.

But it was not that which made her shrink from him with a feeling of loathing: it was the knowledge of her position; that her weakness and folly had led her to a precipice down which she dared not look. An hour ago, George Carleigh had been the pleasant cavalier of her existence, to whose going she had looked forward with pain as likely to form a blank in her life. Now as she realized all, she shuddered, and his presence with her seemed an added horror.

"Do you hear what I say?" he whispered. "Alice, you must go back, and, for your life be calm!"

She did not answer, for from out of the mist and darkness that had seemed to swoop down upon her brain, the incidents of the past few minutes came out one by one with terrible distinctness.

If she had fainted, the insensibility had been but momentary. Then she had sunk down upon her knees on the soft turf, staring wildly across the stream where Carleigh had disappeared.

And now he was back before her, shaking her by the arm.

"Are you asleep?" he said, roughly. "Alice, rouse yourself."

"Yes," she said, speaking vacantly; and she rose and stood before him.

"You heard all?"

"Yes."

"Then listen. It is only six miles to Brackley. The mail goes through at three. We could easily walk the distance. Be in the conservatory at twelve."

She shook her head shuddering.

"What has come to you?" he cried, fiercely. "Can you not see that this is a time for action? You will fly with me—this affair necessitates flight. You will be ready to go with me at twelve, away from this life of slavery, and in some far-off land we will forget everything—the world—all—in our love!"

"That man!" said Alice, in a hoarse voice, "he will tell my husband. I dare not face him again."

"But for a few hours," he whispered: "then flight, and the past shall be as a dream."

"Ah!" she cried, loudly. "I remember—I remember now. You—you have killed him!"

"Hush!" he cried, pressing her arm so firmly that she uttered a cry of pain; but the suffering cleared her vision more and more. "Be silent!"

"Tell me," she cried, fiercely, "will he tell my husband all—all that he has seen?"

"No!"

"Then I am right. You—oh! horror! horror! horror!—you have killed him!"

"Will you be silent?" he cried, savagely. "I have defended your reputation. Can you not see? He brought it upon himself. Look at me!"

She gazed at him wildly, and, gloomy as it was, she could see that he was drenched with water; his evening dress was muddied, and his coat almost ripped from his shoulders.

"There is not a moment to lose," he said, savagely. "Go back to the drawing-room. Be calm—talk—play—do anything. You have not seen me lately. I left to smoke a cigar. At twelve, mind, in the conservatory."

"No! no!" she moaned. "I would sooner die!"

"Hush! you foolish woman," he cried fiercely. "Will you be calm? Do you not see that this is a case of life or death, perhaps to both? There, I'll say no more about our flight. Go back! I insist! At once! There is a stronger tie between us now even than our love!"

She shivered, and sank back into the seat, but recovered herself directly, and stood up.

"What am I to do?" she said, hoarsely.

"Go with me to-night."

"No; I have done enough evil," she said, softly. "I would sooner tell my husband all."

"And send me to death?"

She shuddered.

"We must not stop talking here. There, you are calmer now. Go back to the house; I will not touch you. There is nothing to fear, only be calm. You will be silent?"

There was a momentary hesitation. Then, in a despairing tone, she said, "Yes."

"Go then at once. But you will meet me in the conservatory at twelve?"

"Never!" she said, in a low tone; and again she repeated her former words—"I would sooner die!"

She uttered a low, gasping wail then, and seemed to be making some tremendous effort over herself to master her nerves. Then, as Carleigh stood shivering with horror in his drenched garments, he saw the tall, graceful figure glide slowly through the trees.

Then he threw himself upon the turf, and lay thinking what he should do.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE EDDY.

ALICE FANSHAW never knew how she went back to the house.

At the time she realized that she had made some tremendous effort over herself, and had returned as in a dream, but the first distinct remembrance she had of that portion of the evening was of seeing the light from the dining-room, and stopping to gaze in, for the sight of her husband had seemed to bring her back to herself.

She paused by one of the trees, and stood gazing at him as he sat, calm and thoughtful, looking straight at her, but unaware of her presence, while her hands were slowly raised towards him, clasped by way of appeal.

Then, after a few minutes, and without heeding Sir Robert, who was sitting back asleep, with the stem of his long pipe in his hand and the tube in his lips, she walked slowly on towards the drawing-room window that she had left so calmly—when?—an hour—a year—a lifetime since? When was it?

She could not tell. All she knew was that Carleigh, who seemed now all-powerful over her mind, had bade her be silent and calm, and she would be calm. She must suffer, but it was life or death, and with wonderful self-control, still as if in a dream, she walked slowly up to the window, and there stopped short, with a strange feeling of envy forcing itself into her troubled mind.

For there, looking in her eyes the very essence of all that was pure and innocent, sat Judith.

She had evidently been busy at the tea-table, and then, waiting, had listlessly thrown herself into a lounge, and was thinking, with rather a sad and weary look upon her face, which was lit by one of the shaded lamps.

She seemed to rouse herself suddenly, and, jumping up, walked to the window where Alice stood.

"Why, you've been playing spy, dear," she said. "How long have you been there?"

"Some time," was the reply, in a low, pained voice.

"Why, where is George?"

"I do not know, dear; he said he would have a cigar."

Judith looked up at her for a moment, and then, as if driving away an unpleasant thought, she said, quickly—

"The gentlemen seem to have forsaken us. Come in, dear. I must go and call uncle; he has had his nap by now."

Lady Fanshaw entered the room slowly: and as she came within the influence of the lamp, Judith uttered an exclamation.

"Why, Alice, dear, how pale you are!"

"Pale? Am I? It is the heat. I think we are going to have a storm."

"You look so ill, dear," said Judith, tenderly; and she spoke as if she were moved by what had taken place with Range that night.

As she said this she placed one arm round her cousin and kissed her cheek, leading her the while to a chair.

Alice shuddered, and averted her eyes. She could not look at the gentle, innocent girl at her side.

"Why, you shivered!" exclaimed Judith. "There, you have been wandering about in the damp night air and have taken cold. I know what to do: a good hot cup of tea. Uncle Robert says it is as good as quinine to keep off fever."

"Fever!" said Alice with an effort.

"Yes. A cold is only a mild kind of fever. There, my lady—there's your medicine. Oh! Alice, dear, how absurd it seems. Anybody would think I was mistress here, making the tea, and treating you like a guest. But you don't mind."

Alice took the tea, and hurriedly kissed her cousin's hand.

As she did so, Judith's smooth brow twitched, and a wrinkle or two puckered her pretty face, for a thought not at all conducive to George Carleigh's success as a wooer for her had entered her mind; but she said nothing, only returned the kiss, and then laid her cheek against her cousin's clammy brow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMAN PASSIONS.—A physician of the homœopathic school at Lyons professes, seriously, to have discovered a remedy for human passions—those moral diseases such as envy, hatred, malice, anger, jealousy, obstinacy, avarice, &c., which render so many homes unhappy. In a pamphlet to show "how homœopathy may improve the character of man and develop his intelligence," he gives some wonderful instances of the cures alleged to have been effected by his special treatment, which he declares to be infallible.

In one case, a suspicious, jealous and violent husband, who had ill-treated his wife for a period of sixteen years was cured, unconsciously to himself, by a few globules of nux vomica dropped quietly into his broth, and his wife was soon delighted to hear him humming some operatic airs and addressing her most tenderly. After a few days' experience of this regime, the terrible man was transformed into the tenderest of husbands. By a skilful alternation of other medicaments, a rascally husband was corrected of his inherent faults and wilful outbursts of anger.

A miserly father, on being subjected to a few doses of calcarea carbonica, gave his consent to his daughter's marriage, which he had previously resisted. By the same medicine, varied in its preparation, a young student, who was backward in mathematics, was enabled to master the science without further study. Another drug cured a miser and a dolt—both suffering from the tyranny of sums and figures.

The Lyons physician has an antidote for everything—nux vomica for jealousy, sulphur for drunkenness, arsenic for malice, and belladonna for imbecility. Those patients who do not happen to be laboring under these infirmities, and for whom the remedies just mentioned might be prescribed for other ailments, will probably protest against their use. But unhappy partners, who believe in the efficacy of this last application of the science of homœopathy, may be tempted to resort to it as a means of avoiding a divorce, and certain husbands invoke its aid against their mothers-in-law.

AN Alabama citizen who is desirous of being present at the inauguration of President-elect Cleveland, and who has not got much money, proposes making the trip in a one-horse wagon.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

BY SYLVIA A. ROSS.

Full strange the path of life appears
Viewed through the mists of fifty years
As looking backward o'er our way,
We trace its windings day by day.

'Twas not the one we wished to take
But planned for our especial sake,
By Him who knew our every need—
We blindly walked as he decreed.

The selfish acts that make us weep
The precious things we might not keep,
Were but a part of that grand whole
That should perfect a lofty soul.

O, Father may the faith we knew
In Childhood's hour be ever true,
Thy tender love o'er all prevails
And yet thy justice never fails.

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—[CONTINUED.]

"YOU have not told me yet why you never claimed me?—why you left me in ignorance so long?—why you cut more than a year off my life, Allan?" said Rosamond at last.

"No, not yet."

"But you will?" she asked, insistently: "and now?"

"Yes, I will; but I don't know how to say it. I was under the impression till the night of the fancy ball that you had done something—something that embittered me against you."

"And what was that?" with an air of injured innocence.

"I will tell you by-and-by. I am coming to it. When I searched for you at Drydd I discovered this evil deed, as it seemed to me, of yours, and I was more astonished and shocked than I can express. I hardened my heart against you. I resolved to send you out of my thoughts, and not to claim you for my wife until time had softened my anger against you. I was quite unconscious of your being in the neighborhood when I first came to Armine Court. I shall never forget my feelings when I saw you coming down the steps of the Pagoda!"

"Yes, I recollect now. You looked quite odd and ill, and no wonder!"

"Yes, you took me off my guard, and ——"

But suddenly interrupting him,—

"Tell me, Allan," with her face on fire, "who is Tommy?"

"You had a baby, Rosamond?"

"Yes; and oh! Allan, I never saw it! But I will take you and show you its little grave under the shadow of Drydd Church. If it had lived——" burying her face in her hands.

"If it had lived, what then?" very anxiously.

"I should be too, too happy. It would seem almost too much. If it had lived I would have nothing else to wish for."

"What," eyeing her nervously, "would you say if he was alive?"

"Allan, you are cruel to ask such a question. You know very well I should go mad with joy!"

"No, no, you would not do that," soothingly. "Great joy never does anyone any harm!"

"No," trembling all over, "no, I have had great joy to-day. What more are you going to tell me?"

"I will tell you a kind of story, and then, my dear Rosamond, you will understand. I came to Drydd, but you were gone. You were a queen in the fashionable world. You were, I was told, Miss Dane, consequently our marriage was a secret. You were a rich heiress—you had deserted Drydd for London, Paris, and Florence. I happened to meet a little ragged urchin in a lane as I took a stroll before dinner—a pretty, plucky, little fellow. He had a battle with a dog, and I came to the rescue. He took a fancy to me and I to him, and I carried him home to dinner."

"And this is Tommy? I understand now."

"Wait, and you will hear. Poor little chap! He was glad of a good meal! He was ragged and hungry, and had marks of blows and red weals on his tender little back and arms."

"Poor darling!" ejaculated Rosamond, sympathetically.

"He belonged to a woman called Mother Nan, a drunken, fierce-faced, violent, and foul-tongued virago, who let him spend most of his time in the street with other gutter children."

"Oh! who would think that to look at him now!" exclaimed Rosamond in amazement.

"No one would think it!"

"He looks a gentleman's son—every inch. And, oh! I cannot make it out," looking at him questioningly. "He always seemed to me so—so like you. Your image Allan, and yet you picked him up in Drydd, as you say, out of the gutter. I'm sure his parents were gentlefolk. He does not look like a common child."

"No," sorely troubled in his own mind as to how he was to tell her.

Something in his look revealed his anxiety, and she exclaimed, with crimson cheeks,—

"I know you are going to tell me something dreadful about Tommy—I know you are."

"I wish I knew how to say what I must tell you. I wish to Heaven, Rosamond, I could tell my tale without incriminating anybody. I wish," looking steadily into her eyes and speaking very deliberately, "that I could spare your mother!"

"My mother! Why what has she to say to it?" she demanded, in astonishment.

"I'm afraid she has been much to blame, Ross. She has poisoned your mind against me!"

"She believed you were somebody who had come here and deceived me under a false name!"

"Yes, my dear, and made you believe it too. She tried me and found me guilty on circumstantial evidence, and did not give me a ghost of a chance. But she knows all this," impressively.

"Knows all? How long?"

"Since one winter evening at Violet Hill, when you declined to come down and meet me. Do you recollect?"

"Yes, and I begin to understand some things I could not make out before. Everything is coming back to me now. Amy Glen—how curiously she looked at me, and how odd she seemed. She laughed so much when I asked her about Lady Kingsford. She knew her—no wonder! I am not surprised now that she was quite hysterical."

"But to talk a little more about your mother, Rosie. She put the blackest construction upon the whole affair—hustled you off secretly to Drydd. She said when your child was dead it was a good riddance. Did it ever—ever strike you that she had done anything with it?" lowering his voice.

"Oh! mercy, Allan!" clasping her hands together in a frenzy of fear. "You are not going to tell me that my mother murdered it?"

"Oh, no, indeed I am not," very decidedly. "You can understand that she thought it was a living disgrace—that she wished it out of the way—anywhere. Can you believe that when she deceived you that it did not die?"

"Not die?" she screamed. "And where is it? Oh! heavens, Allan! How can you torture me like this? Is—is," seizing him fiercely by the arm, "is it the child you spoke of—is—my baby—Tommy?"

She read the answer yes in his eyes. It was enough—it was too much joy. She sank slowly backwards in a dead faint—that is, she would have fallen to the ground only Allan caught her, carried her to the bank of the stream, and quickly bathed her face with water and opened the collar of her dress, and chafed her hands. After a very short time his remedies were completely successful. She slowly sat up, pushed her wet hair back from her forehead and, looking gravely at Allan, said, in a faint voice,—

"It's not all a dream, is it, about you being Allan—and—Tommy?" very anxiously.

"Not a bit of it, my darling Rosie. Now you know the three things I had to tell you. You are a good deal wiser, and I am sure happier than you were this morning!"

"How soon can I see him—Tommy—my—son—too—Allan? How strange—how delightful it sounds! But how can he understand that I am his mother? He will not believe it. He calls me Miss Dane!"

"I think I can trust you to soon make him believe the truth. He has always been devoted to you, as it was, Rosamond, and you to him."

"And what did my mother do with him? All you have told me makes my head quite giddy."

"She gave him to Maggs, who passed him off as her niece's child, and farmed him out to Mother Nan at a few shillings a-week, and finally forgot him."

"Mother Nan, that beat him and starved him! Oh! Allan, my mother never, never could have known of this!" piteously.

"Probably not. She relied on Maggs to get rid of him somehow, and asked no particulars, and Maggs left him in the hands of Mother Nan, or rather of a woman, a coast-guard's wife, who made him over to that old harridan. He was passed on from one to the other like a bad shilling, till he came into my hands."

"And you have not explained that quite clearly. Did you take him out of pure charity, or what?"

"No, not quite. I knew who he was, and, if you will listen to me, you shall hear, too."

"Of course I will listen, go on at once!" feverishly.

"I came, as I told you before, to Drydd to look for you, and you were gone. There was no trace of you to be found.

"I felt awfully disheartened and disappointed, I need hardly remark, and went out to stroll about before dinner, and collect my ideas, and Providence threw the child in my way.

"He diverted my thoughts, he took my fancy. I brought him to the inn and gave him a good dinner; and afterwards, when I was smoking outside, the landlady, Mrs. Bonner, who thought it a very extraordinary proceeding for a young man like me bringing home a beggar brat for company told me his history, with many winks and nods and low, impressive whispers."

"His history?"

"Yes; she had it at her fingers' ends. This little boy I had taken such a fancy to had gentle blood in his veins.

"She told me all about his mother, Miss Dane; how she had come secretly to Drydd; how Maggs had passed off her infant as that of a relative of her own; how Miss Dane had turned her back on the place, and never been seen again; how Tommy was ill-used especially since the few shillings a week for his keep had not been paid; how his mother had deserted him, and forgotten him."

"Yes!" gasped Rosamond.

"Well, of course, I believed her story. I had the evidence of my own senses. Moreover, I could see that the boy resembled my family, that he was a regular chip of the old Gordon block. It needed no more.

"I took him away without delay, having bought him from Mother Nan for ten pounds. He was not dear—not a bad bargain, Rosamond. You don't think I paid too much?" smiling, "and you can imagine, my dear, that I was not very well pleased with you."

"How could you believe it of me, Allan?" indignantly.

"Oh, come now, that's rather too much of a good thing, your ladyship, a regular case of the pot calling the kettle black! Pray, what did you not believe of me? If I thought you an inhuman, unnatural young woman, you considered me an out-and-out scoundrel. Now, which was the worst? And, besides, your manners, when I met you your cool, cynical indifference to everybody; your callousness, your worldliness, quite filled in the picture of Miss Dane that worthy Mrs. Bonner had sketched with such rude, black outlines. But I often wondered that you never found me out, Rosie. Am I—nay, nay, I must be changed past all recognition."

"It makes an immense difference in any man, even when we see him daily, to cut off his beard; and, then, you are so much darker and thinner, but I daresay I shall get accustomed to you!" smiling.

"Well, we will hope so, at any rate! And now I will leave you at your own gate for the last time, and we may as well be starting. To-morrow I shall come early and take you away from Drydd Manor finally."

"But not forever, for always, Allan?" eagerly. "We will come back, even for a day or two, now and then, when we want a little quiet."

"A little quiet! It never struck me that Miss Dane was partial to a little quiet?"

"But I am! And I am not Miss Dane now."

"And I would have thought that you hated Drydd, that you had too painful reminiscences connected with it."

"Yes; many, many bitter days and hours I've spent here," waving her hand towards the Marshes, the trees, and the old church steeple; "but I need not think of them now. We met here, Allan—you forget that. Tommy was born here, and you have both been given back to me here. I have some pleasant recollections connected with the place, you see! Laddie likes it, too," patting him on the head: "I believe he knew you."

"I'm sure of it, and I'm equally sure that I used to be jealous of Laddie. It seemed to me extraordinary that you should have kept him all along, and yet parted with Tommy."

"Yes, it would have been, if it had been true; and, oh, Allan, the little grave I cried over so often! How wicked of Maggs!" stopping on the Marsh, and stamping her foot. "She ought to be prosecuted for such a dreadful falsehood."

"I suppose you gave her no peace till you saw the grave, and she was wearied by reason of your importunity. I'll tell you what her punishment shall be."

"What?" very eagerly.

"You shall call her at once now when you get home, and introduce her to me, and she will be well punished when she reflects for a moment that she has made away with my heir; for mother Nan is dead ages ago, and the secret of Tommy's disappearance died with her. That ten pounds killed her. She drank it all."

"I wonder what the county will say, Allan when they find you have a wife of six years' standing? and how are they to be told I am she?" said Rosamond, as she took his arm.

"I'm sure I don't know. The truth will be best for our own immediate friends. A run-away match, a shipwreck, and a misunderstanding—these are about the heads of the narrative. The gossips will have a rare find, talking it over, but it won't last for more than nine days. That's one comfort."

"Some of the young ladies won't be pleased, Allan."

"I can't help that. You must admit frankly, Rosie, that I never paid any of them the smallest attention. Now, I appeal to you," laughing.

"What? Oh, no; not even Amy Glen?" with a mischievous smile.

"That was only to talk about you—nothing else."

"Amy did not think so," emphatically.

"Then Amy must have been a little dunce!" indignantly.

"She made me her confidante—how odd it seems!—and asked me, oh, fifty times, if I thought you meant anything. I was sick of the subject."

"And what did you say, O, far-seeing, penetrating lady?"

"Oh, I told her I hoped so for her sake."

"That was very nice of you, Rosie."

"That I was sure you would make an excellent husband."

"Speaking from your own experience."

"Be quiet, Allan. Did I dream, do you think, in my wildest moments, that this girl was consulting me and making me her confidante with regard to the attentions and intentions of my own husband? No, not quite!" contemptuously.

"You couldn't be jealous, of course?"

"Could I not. I'd advise you not to try me," laughingly.

"And, pray, Lady Kingsford——"

"Don't call me that."

"Yes, I will; I like to hear how it sounds. Pray, how do you think I felt as I stood in the doorway, looking on, and watched dozens of fellows making love to the lovely Miss Dane, my wife? How do you think I felt when I heard announced at a dinner-table that you were going to be married?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but what you heard was wrong. I never would have married!"

"So you say now?" with a laugh.

"Allan! if you are going to be disagreeable——"

"No I'm not, I dare not. I've a lively recollection of how awfully you used to bully me that time in Paris."

Rosamond's indignant protestations were cut short by her own hall door, which was wide open. In the dim twilight stood Maggs looking both authoritative and fierce, and cross as two sticks.

"This is no time of evening for you to be roving on the Marshes, Miss Rosamond. You know the fright you got there once upon a time. Who knows who you may meet? Oh, I'm sure I beg your lordship's pardon. I did not see you. Are you coming in?"

"Only for a moment," looking at Rosamond, who had seated herself in a fatigued attitude on one of the hall chairs, taken off her hat, and laid down her parasol.

"I'll just come in for a moment to tell you something. You don't remember me as well as I remember you, and yet you've seen me in this house before!"

"Never, sir, to my knowledge!" impressively.

"Yes, I came to see old Mrs. Dane once. I was then Mr. Gordon."

"What, the engineer fellow! Look a mummy," startled out of her manners at this piece of news.

"The engineer fellow, as you said, and subsequently," looking at her very hard, "Miss Dane's husband."

"And what are you now!" she demanded shrilly.

"Why, still her husband of course!" very coolly.

"But you are Lord Kingsford!" combatively.

"Yes, you are quite right, and she who was Mrs. Gordon is now Lady Kingsford. You thought very strange things of me, Mrs. Maggs. I was shipwrecked and cast away on an island for years, but I married Miss Rosamond before I went, as no doubt she told you. I came back here and found that she was gone!"

"Oh, great mercyful patience alive!" cried Maggs, interrupting him, and staggering back against the old clock. "Why did I not know this in time! What am I to do! what am I to do! What is Mrs. Brand to do!" wringing her hands. "We meant it for the best. I mean about the child."

"It is all right," said Lord Kingsford, after a long pause. "No thanks to you, Mrs. Maggs; and now please to get Lady Kingsford her tea, see that she goes to bed early, pack her things, for she is going away from here to-morrow."

Mrs. Maggs saw the couple go down the steps together, walk slowly to the gate, linger there for a few minutes, then Lord Kingsford stooped and Kissed Rosamond, opened the wicket and went out, Maggs still standing in the hall as if petrified, as if turned into stone. She had been married after all, then, and that was Rosamond's husband!

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Shall we lift the curtain a few months later and discover our friends at Armine Court, no longer a gloomy, rather dismal bachelor abode, but the most lively, charming house in the county.

The county has recovered from the shock, is rather pleased than otherwise with the romance which has happened in their very midst, and make a great deal of Lady Kingsford, and consider her a great acquisition, and a very charming and fortunate young woman.

A good many guests are staying at Armine Court—Amy Glen and her husband, the Germaines, the Brands. They have all accepted the position by this time, and can talk quite glibly of Lady Kingsford and her little boy, and find her a most delightful hostess. Amy has come into her friend's room for a private gossip over the dressing-room fire, and opened her mind very freely to her old confidante. "She is very happy in her own way, but Frank (the name of her good man) is not half as devoted to me as Allan is to you. It makes me quite jealous, I declare! He can't bear you out of his sight—it's perfectly ridiculous, and you go riding by yourselves like lovers."

"You must remember how long I was what you call out of his sight, my dear child. We are making it up now."

"Oh yes! you are of course really only a newly-married couple. When time goes on he won't be so attentive. It will wear off."

Rosamond smiled at the fire incredulously. She was by no means so sure of that. Amy sat by in silence for an unusually long time, also staring at the coals. This session reminded her of old days, and of how she used to bring all her griefs and woes to her companion, and how she used to speculate on the possibility of being Lady Kingsford, and how the other used to advise her, warn her, and receive all her confidences, and how very great a tenderness she had at one time felt for a man who all the time (although they did not know it) was Rosamond's husband.

[THE END.]

THE newest craze is to collect all kinds and shapes of parlor lamps.

Jacob's Curse.

BY E. P. SPENCER.

THE new Rath of Gottingen sat in his leathern chair close to the stove. On a rude table at his elbow were assembled the little appliances necessary to his comfort, on the evening of this his first day of office—a huge jug of beer and an ample tobacco pouch. He wore an easy velvet coat, somewhat shabby, loose slippers covered with roses in carpet stitch, the work of some good Bertha or Matilda. A smoking-cap with a long tassel, hung down over a thoughtful, contemplative face—a face that should have belonged to a studious professor, rather than to a man whose calling led him into the busy walks of life.

Rath Marquardsen was a young man, little over thirty; his talent had raised him thus early to the honorable position he held in Gottingen. It seemed to him but yesterday that he was a student in the venerable university, taking notes of the lawyer's lectures in the great hall of the college, or strolling the streets arm in arm with his chosen comrade, the captain of the Prussian corps, their white and green caps stuck jauntily on their heads, and their great dogs following closely. The streets were as full of Prussians, red-capped Vandals, and yellow-crested Swabians as ever; they sang the old drinking-songs in their rich voices, bass and baritone and mellow tenor so sweet, that the Rath was fain to pause for a second in his administration of justice while the singers streamed past the windows of the court-house.

The books he used to study were piled in confusion on the floor of his parlor, where he had tossed them out of his trunk on the day of his arrival. He had neither wife nor sister to arrange them for him, so there they would in all probability remain. He was half minded to refresh himself with a little reading, but was too lazy to get up and fetch a book. Just then came a knock at his door. "Come in," called Rath Marquardsen, and the old clerk of the court-house entered, staggering under a pile of musty volumes.

"You bade me clean out the drawers, and bring you these old books to look over, Herr Rath," said the clerk. "Here they are, the records of justice in Gottingen for the last hundred years. Surely your worship won't be troubled to read this stupid stuff? Better let me throw it into the stove."

And he tossed the books upon the table with a gesture of disdain. But the Rath regarded them with very different eyes.

"Pray leave them there," cried he, spreading his hands over them as though to guard a treasure. "Ah, that will do. Will thou try my beer and tobacco?"

The clerk went away muttering: "When the Herr Rath has been as long about the courts as I, he will not care for law books out of business hours."

Antiquity had an immense charm for the Rath. The worm-eaten, calf-skin bindings, blackened edges of the leaves, and musty smell of the ancient books helped him to call up the vanished generations who had used them. They began to pass before the eye of his fancy in shadowy rows, reacting the tragic or tranquil scenes of their little day on earth. Therefore, the moment the clerk was gone, he drew the lamp near him and began to turn over the yellow pages of the records.

They were not particularly exciting. Most of them were meagre notes of trials, compressed into as few words as possible; but at length, in examining the very oldest book of all, he came upon an entry which interested him so much that he read it over and over again. This page was headed, "Trial of Jacob Winterwerb for Forgery," and at the bottom of the leaf was pasted a sheet of crumpled letter paper, closely written in a curious, crabbed, but sufficiently legible hand.

Our bookworm pounced upon this ancient manuscript as a gold-digger might pounce upon a nugget, or a gourmet upon a chief d'œuvre of Soyer. Putting on his spectacles—for, like many Germans, he was troubled with weak eyes—he began to read the faded yellow writing.

"August 7th, 1751.—I have returned home after a long, tiring day in the court-house"—commenced the MS.—"but weary though I am, I cannot sleep. I must first the events of this day. A strange gloom hangs over me. A fearful curse which was uttered in my hearing keeps obtruding itself upon my memory, and some power that I am totally unable to control or resist impels me to write it down. Yet surely it was enough that the recording angel should mark Jacob Winterwerb's imprecation; must his fellow-sinner record it too? As Rath of Gottingen, I have had to try my old neighbor Jacob for the dark crime of forgery. It was hard for me to try him, but the extreme hardness of my case is, that I still believe him to be guilty, although his countrymen have acquitted him.

"I have had more opportunity for observing his daily conduct than any other man in Gottingen, and what I have noticed makes me fear he has forsworn himself today. He would plead his own cause—he would defend himself. Yes! he was quite clever enough to do it well. We were boys together, Jacob and I, and wicked though he is, I bear him a kindness still; I cannot endure to let my mind dwell upon his eternal loss!

"I am impelled to write it down. Probably everyone else who was present in the court-house to-day has forgotten the extraordinary curse by which he bound himself, but the remembrance of it keeps me restless in spite of fatigue. He said, raising his hand towards heaven: 'If I am not speaking God's truth, may my body never turn to dust in the grave!'

"Poor Jacob! hated by all but me, perhaps God of His mercy may yet lead you to repentance.

"I am safe enough in writing down what he said, because no mortal eye will read the lines I have now written until Jacob and I shall both have gone to our account. I shall leave the MS. sealed and directed to my son Franz; he will do with it as he pleases.

"Jacob Winterwerb has lived in the house adjoining mine ever since his marriage, thirty years ago. Our gardens lie side by side, separated only by a low hedge. His eldest brother, Herman, was the richest merchant in Gottingen, which is saying something where all are wealthy.

"The brothers lived together until Herman's death, which took place two months ago. Their household consisted of the two old men and two lads, Peter, the only son of Jacob, and Gustel, the son of their poor sister Netta, who died young, leaving her little child to the care of his uncles. Poor Netta Winterwerb! Ah, well, well! I have ever taken a peculiar interest in her boy!

"My Franz and the two youths next door were schoolfellows and playfellows, just as Jacob, Herman and I used to be many years before. Netta's son was a good lad, honest, kindly, and generous: but Jacob's boy inherited his father's mean and selfish qualities, and these were fostered by the education he received.

"The rich uncle was an invalid for three years before his death. It was Gustel who tended him like the gentlest nurse, who wheeled his chair about the garden, who lighted his meerschaum, or brought him his coffee, or rubbed his cramped limbs by the hour. Walking in my garden on these occasions, I often heard the sick man say: 'Good boy, you do not get tired of me; you do not think me a burden; but you shall be rewarded. I shall leave you every kreutzer I am worth in the world. You shall be the richest man in Gottingen.' And I used to see the lad's fine eyes grow dim as he stammered forth: 'Oh, my dear uncle, I do not want your money; I take care of you because I love you—you are the only friend I have on earth.'

"'I know all that, Gustel, but you are to be my heir, remember that.'

"Then the father and son would enter the garden, and seeing the uncle and nephew conversing so lovingly used to be distraught with anger. I then heard Jacob say to the young man:

"'See that sneaking hypocrite yonder, worming himself into your uncle's favor, in hopes of inheriting his wealth. Go you and rub his gouty foot, and fetch his coffee, and you may supplant Gustel yet. Go, I say, and speak him fair. No? You are a lazy fool! You had rather break lamps on the Anlage with the students or drink beer till you are like a brute, than take a little trouble to make your fortune. If that detestable Gustel is your uncle's heir it will be your own fault.'

"And Jacob used to give his son an angry push towards the couple in the arbor.

"Peter tried hard to please his uncle, but he set about it in such an awkward manner, and got tired so soon, that he never made any progress in supplanting Gustel. Half an hour's conversation with the poor invalid was more than he could put up with, and he was glad to rush away at the first opportunity to the beer cellars, where the students spent their time in gambling and drinking. I knew the whole family history: how Gustel had been beaten and tyrannised over by Jacob and Peter when he received sweetmeats and toys from his uncle in his childish days; and how, now that he was too old to be beaten, they showed their hatred and jealousy quite as plainly, though in a different way.

"I saw more than I liked to see out of my window, or while walking in my garden, and Herman was wont to complain of Peter and praise Gustel to me—always ending with his intention of making the latter his heir.

"There was something very like murder in old Jacob's eyes when he saw his brother and nephew together. At such times I trembled for my neighbor's gold, but so little at ease or content.

"At length Herman died. He had not been able to leave his room for some months before his death, and there Gustel had attended him with the greatest tenderness.

"The funeral was over, and the will read. What was our surprise to hear that it was made in favor of Peter, not of Gustel. I shall not linger over what is so well-known to every townsman of Gottingen. No need to tell how the universal suspicion of foul play gained ground, or how suspicious circumstances came cropping up by degrees, until at last Jacob Winterwerb stood his trial on the charge of having erased the name of Gustel and inserted that of Peter, and has been acquitted. In the sight of man he is now virtually spotless; now stands he in the sight of God? It is this question that troubles me, for I cannot believe him innocent, knowing all I know; yet if guilty, how came Mathous and Folkshausen to swear that they witnessed the drawing out and signing of the will. Can Jacob have bribed them to perjure themselves also? If so, a crushing weight of guilt hangs over him. That was an awful speech: "If I am not swearing God's truth, may my body never moulder in the grave.' I might indeed have damaged his cause, but I was the Rath, not one of the witnesses."

The next entry was dated two years later.

"1753. It is almost two years and three months since the trial. Jacob Winterwerb's first act on gaining possession of Herman's wealth, was to turn his nephew out of doors. Nothing was heard of the unfortunate youth until six months afterwards, when he came to my dwelling late one night, worn to a shadow. His clothes were threadbare, but the saddest change was in his pinched, sunken face—the once handsome face that his Uncle Herman had so loved and admired.

"He had been living in a miserable garret upon the pocket-money he had saved during his prosperity, and the sale of his uncle's various gifts; but this store was spent to the last kreutzer, and for the last two days he had been starving. Another year, he said, would see him through the university, and fit him for a profession, and he implored me to give him some copying to do, or assist him some other way to make a little money. Do it, he urged, for my Uncle Herman's sake! I was, indeed, most willing to befriend him for the sake of my Netta, his mother, my own early love. So he came to live with us, and he and Franz attended lectures together. Jacob never forgave me for harboring the lad whom he hated, as bad men will always hate the injured; he had kept up a semblance of neighborliness till then, but at that period our final rupture took place. Gustel got on well: he is now a Pfarrer in Ziegelhausen, useful and respected.

"Jacob's strange curse is haunting me today. I have only just returned from his funeral, and ere I sleep must conclude this memoir. Perhaps when the last word is written I may be able to forget.

"Jacob's end came very suddenly. I fear me his son was no gentle nurse during the one week of his illness.

"A vast concourse of his townsmen helped to lay Jacob in his grave beneath the row of yew-trees called the Seven Sisters, in our cemetery outside the Friedrich's Thor. It is there the rich men of Gottingen all lie, each in his narrow house, underneath his marble monument.

"The tallest yew has Jacob's tomb in shadow. There stands the hoary sister, gaunt and grim, stretching her black arms over the white urn, whereon she sheds her crimson berries in autumn, staining the marble like drops of blood, and weeping icy tears the winter through, which gradually wash out the stains.

"Oh, Jacob, Jacob! is that marble urn and your gorgeous coffin all that is left to you of your wealth? Farewell: I am not your judge. You have entered the presence of a higher Judge, into whose hands we must all fall at last."

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"Our dear Heaven!" muttered Rath Marquardsen, fingering the yellow manuscript tenderly: "this man should have been a preacher: he was thrown away upon the magistracy."

There was a note at the foot of the page in a different handwriting, to the effect that Franz Folkshausen had found the above among his late father's papers, and had placed it with the annals of the court-house for the year 1753.

Rath Marquardsen sat meditating beside his stove, but his delight with the MS. was fast changing into a creeping, grisly terror, such as he had never experienced in all his life before. Jacob's strange curse had taken full possession of his imagination, and he was afraid to look up lest he should see the old man's covetous, cruel eyes fixed upon him. He had a horrible idea that if he turned round he might find him at his elbow, or peeping at him from behind the window-curtain, which was certainly moving slightly.

In his unreasoning trepidation the Rath got up and made an undignified retreat into his bed-room, looking behind him at every step. He tumbled into bed after but short toilet operations, feeling safe only when he drew the eider-down plumeau over his head.

But wicked old Jacob followed him there and tormented him all night in dreams. He dreamt that he proceeded to the cemetery at Friedrich's Thor, got the sexton to open the grave, and found Jacob's body undecayed in its velvet coffin; that it opened its eyes when the light reached it, and springing up, clutched him by the throat. He awoke trembling, with cold drops of perspiration standing on his face. Falling asleep again, the same vivid dream awakened him.

Strange to say, the impression did not wear off, like most hallucinations, with the daylight; but Jacob's history haunted him all the time he was in the court-house. So instead of going home to dinner, he went to his friend and crony, Professor von Schenk of the College Museum, and showed him his treasure trove, the yellow MS.

A very long discussion between these two erudite men of Gottingen ended in their taking their hats, and setting out arm-in-arm for the cemetery. Marquardsen led his friend past the forest of little black crosses where the peasants lay, to the broad alley where reposed the great and noble, a stately assembly of broken columns, snowy urns, and tall monuments.

The name of Winterwerb was well-nigh forgotten in Gottingen, so that the Rath did not dream of searching among these for Jacob's grave. He hurried on to where the seven old yew trees stood in hoary array, and there, sure enough, was the beautiful marble urn, no longer white, but grey and venerable after the lapse of a century. "Here it is!" cried Rath Marquardsen, in a hoarse tone, that almost startled himself. "'Jacob Winterwerb, who departed this life June 23, 1753, deeply respected and regretted.'"

"Stay you here," said the business-like professor, "while I summon the sexton."

"Not I," said our friend, trying to conceal a shudder: "I shall accompany you."

The day was far advanced before the sexton and his assistants had removed the urn, and dug away the earth, and lifted the coffin lid.

He raised the folds of the shroud, which, to his intense amazement, was white and spotless as it was on the day of Jacob's funeral, and beneath lay the body undecayed, after a hundred years' sojourn in the tomb. They raised the long grey locks that rested on the velvet pillow, and stroked the parchment-like cheeks. "We must have this fellow in the museum!" cried he, delightedly; "a perfect mummy, preserved by miracle. He shall stand between our Theban mummy and our Mastodon giganteus, in the left-hand corner of the great museum hall. My dear sentimentalist, the responsibility rests upon the University of Gottingen, not on you. Pray set your mind at ease."

The Rath turned away in real misery, and walked home, pursued by the voice of Von Schenk, who called after him to enquire whether he were willing to resign all claim to the mummy, which was his property by right of discovery. It was a long time before he prevailed upon himself to visit the museum. At length some ladies begged him to take them over the college, and he could hardly refuse. Old Jacob was leaning against the wall in his corner between the geological animals and the ancient Egyptian; he was dressed in his shroud, and very grim and horrible he looked, but he was surrounded by an admiring crowd to whom Professor von Schenk was relating the true story of "Jacob's Curse; or, The Mummy of Gottingen."

Scientific and Useful.

"Wood Wool."—The latest application of wood is as a dressing for wounds in the form of what is termed "wood wool." It is finely ground wood, such as is used in the manufacture of paper. It is a delicate-fibered, soft, yellowish white substance, capable of absorbing an immense quantity of liquid.

As Fuel.—Petroleum as a fuel has been experimented with for several days past on a freight boat at Oakland, Cal. The experiments thus far have been eminently successfully, and the steam-producing properties of the fuel satisfactorily demonstrated. Several economic questions in relation to its use, however, remain to be decided.

Glass Bearings.—Bearings made of glass are now being experimented with, in regard to their frictionless quality, in the rolling-stock of railways here. This material is a hard clear substance, and must wear down smooth and give a fine bearing surface for an axle to a running fit as in the grinding in of a valve seat for a brass valve, and much power is expected to be saved.

Rust.—It is said that in order to keep machinery from rusting take one ounce of camphor and dissolve it in one pound of melted lard; take off the scum and mix in as much fine black lead as will give it an iron color. Clean the machinery and smear it with this mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with a soft linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

The Speed of Thought.—Attempts to determine the speed of thought have been made in Holland with instruments. They have found that the brain must act for .060 of a second to produce a single idea, but this time will probably be shown to vary with different brains. For the eye to receive an impression requires .077 of a second, and the ear needs .149 of a second to appreciate a sound, the action of the eye being nearly twice as rapid as that of the ear.

Farm and Garden.

Horses and Salt.—Says an agricultural paper. Those keeping horses should twice a week throw in a handful of salt and ashes. Mix them by putting in three parts salt to one of ashes. Horses relish this and it will keep their hair soft and fine. It will prevent bots, colic, etc. A little ground sulphur mixed with salt and ashes and given once in two or three weeks is also beneficial. All domestic animals will be thus benefitted.

Farm Implements.—Keep axles of wheeled implements well oiled. A dollar expended in painting the wood-work with crude petroleum, or red lead in oil, will save ten. When tires shrink loose suspend the wheel in a shallow trough of boiling hot linseed oil, turn slowly and soak thoroughly, and they will remain tight for years. When not in use keep all implements under cover, and oil plowshares with clarified oil to prevent rust.

Keeping Eggs.—The hens will lay as well with no cocks present as with them, and the eggs will keep twice as long. This may be a small matter to notice, but it is a very important item in the matter of having the eggs keep or spoil, which is the object to be observed when the eggs are stowed away. Of course such eggs are worthless for hatching purposes, but as they will not be required for hatching, that difficulty is not in the way. The cause of the laying of soft eggs is want of sufficient calcareous matter and the stimulating effects of pepper and warm feed. Some wheat screenings should be given in place of so much corn and potatoes which are too rich in starch and defective in lime and other materials needed for eggs. Give every day to the sixty fowls one pint of the following mixture: A peck of ash of burned bones or oyster shells, finely powdered, one pound flowers of sulphur, and one peck of wheat bran. This should be mixed with some scalded meal, used moist, so that the mixture will adhere to it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 21, 1885.

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SOCIAL PUFFING.

Some people seem to live in a world of superlatives. Everything they see is extraordinarily beautiful; everything that happens to them is tremendous and astonishing; everything they possess of marvelous and unique merit.

If their feelings and their words are really on the same level, it would be very cruel to disturb their satisfaction; nor is it necessary, or even desirable, to shatter their idols and show them that what they have taken for gold is only clay, or, at best, brass.

An imaginative child lives in a world peopled with gallant heroes and lovely fairies, and studded with enchanted castles; and the happy men and women whose views of life are so rosy are but children of a larger growth, to be envied, and not to be corrected, or even laughed at. To them life is worth living.

But those who persistently and habitually use the superlative degree when the positive, or at any rate the comparative, would suffice, not only to the occasion, but to their own real feeling—who speak of a pic-nic as "splendid," of a game at ball as "glorious," of a good dinner as "magnificent," of a new bonnet as "exquisite"—are really no better than the poor young creatures who still, in remote districts, call a mince-pie "awfully nice;" and they are using a form of expletive which, though morally innocent, is, on the grounds of good sense and good taste, quite indefensible.

Few things are more ludicrous than the poverty of expression to which the exaggerative man is reduced in face of what is really sublime. No ascending scale is possible in his notes of admiration.

Before he is half way up the mountain, his available stock of epithets is exhausted; and when the full beauty of the view from the summit bursts upon his really astonished eye, his only resource is a retreat on those stock terms which he has already used up, and which by—well, intolerable iteration, he has already made trite and tiresome to his companions, and tame and ineffective even to himself.

One reads in a newspaper an advertisement of a wonderful musical instrument, warranted to ravish the souls of all listeners by its exquisite harmony; or of a "genteel residence," with ever so many reception rooms and bedrooms, and the usual domestic offices.

A very short experience teaches the too credulous reader that the wonderful musical instrument is but an inferior sort of a barrel organ; that the "genteel residence" is but one of a dreary row of frowsy houses in a dingy suburb.

The result is a general unfaith which affects good and bad alike, and saps the very groundwork of our social system. In the same way, the man who is guilty of habitual exaggeration, even though we have no conscious intent to deceive, must be classed as a social pest.

In the long run, those who have heard him cry "wolf!" so often, will become skeptical as to the very existence of the wolf, and will subject his highly-colored statements to so severe a discount that even the truth which underlies them will be denied.

The pictures which he represents are but caricatures and distortions of the actual fact. He makes the small to appear great, and as a result the great cannot but seem small.

It is better, therefore, not merely for the sake of others, but for the sake of our own credit, to mean more than we say, rather than to say more than we mean.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE right to collect the bones, crusts of bread, coffee grounds, dishwater, etc., from the bakeries, barracks, markets and other buildings in Paris is annually sold to the highest bidder. It brought $4,200 this year, but the privilege, if diligently worked, is said to be worth $10,000 a year.

—

PROF. BARTHOLOMEW, the successful horse trainer, says that the hearing of that animal is more acute than a man's, and yelling at him only tends to make him harder to manage. You can lay it down as a certain rule that the louder a man shouts at a horse the less he knows about horses.

—

WE are far too narrow in our conceptions of what justice means. It enters into every detail of life and regulates our conduct in all the relations we bear to others. It pronounces upon our behavior to relatives and friends and the community in which we live. To call a man just who is not kind, or tender, or pitiful, or loving, is a misnomer.

—

AN effort is now being made in New York by charitable women to provide hospital accommodations for shop-girls when too ill to work. As most of them are without friends who are able to care for them, without money except the pittance they earn, and without homes to go to in an emergency, the wisdom of this sort of charity is apparent.

—

LONDON has an association having for its object the converting of waste places, disused burial grounds and enclosed squares within the city limits into parks, provided with walks and seats for the comfort and pleasure of those who cannot obtain such luxuries elsewhere. It also provides schools for gymnasia, furthers the erection of bath-houses, and urges the planting of trees wherever there is a vacant space sufficient for one to grow.

—

ONE by one the delights of existence are destroyed. We have scarcely got used to terra alba in our sugar, plaster of paris in our flour, yellow ochre in our mustard, tallow in our butter, verdigris in our tea, and logwood in our wine, and now is announced the discovery that venetian and aniline reds are injected into our beefsteaks and sausages to give them a wholesome red color after they have become pale and gray with age. Where is this sort of thing to end?

—

THE wonder is not that most residences in large cities are unhealthy, but that they are at all habitable. Generally the city house is immediately connected by a pipe of no great dimensions with drains of sewage miles in length and flowing under street after street. The conditions, also, are such that very frequently poisonous gases find a ready entrance to the kitchen, the bedrooms and the living-rooms. There can be no healthy houses unless the conservancy and drainage systems are placed entirely outside the main walls.

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AMONG the latest new words, "Smart" means fashionable, high-toned, exclusive. "Smart" people are "the upper ten"—persons whose society is a thing to be desired. A "smart" ball is a brilliant or fashionable ball. It is, however, no longer permissible to speak of a person as being "smartly" dressed. A man's dress is never alluded to, but a well-dressed woman is now a "crisp" woman. To be "crisp" is at present to have reached the apex of fashionable style. But how is this quality to be obtained? Item: Having one's gown made by "my tailor," one's headgear by "my hatter," one's "hand-shoes" by "my glover," and one's boots by the varlets who shoe the cavalry regiments, are all means to the desired end of being a "crisp" woman.

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PROFESSOR TYNDALL, in a recent lecture on electricity, produced the clothes of a man who was taking refuge under a tree when he was struck by lightning. It was a foolish thing, he observed, to go under a tree during an electric storm, unless a person stood some distance from the trunk. In this particular case, however, the man's clothes were very wet, and though they were very much torn, they formed a sufficiently good conductor for the lighting, and he escaped with his life. Had his raiment been dry he would inevitably have been killed. Producing the man's boots, the lecturer pointed out that the uppers were torn to pieces by the electric fluid in its anxiety to reach the earth; but the sole, into the construction of which iron largely entered in the shape of hobnails, formed a good conductor and was not hurt.

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THE knowledge which we crave and work for, which we look for and find, which we think out for ourselves, which we rejoice in as in a newly-found treasure—that is the knowledge, be it small or great, that is worth having. It is like the food for which we hunger—it gives us fresh power and fuller life. It matters far less even what this knowledge is, than the way in which it was gained. The most systematic and well-prepared course of study worried through by a student whose only care is that he may get his diploma, is of far less value to him, or to the world, than the vital thought of the young mechanic who, anxious to master the secrets of his trade, patiently studies its details, discovers its principles, and infuses into it his own fresh and living force, perhaps in the form of some new invention, or perhaps in a more skilful touch, or a more delicate finish, than it has yet received.

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ON the stage, in comic papers, and in after-dinner speeches, says a letter-writer, it is still a conventional joke to assume that people get drunk in good society; but in reality the phenomenon is rare. A few weeks ago I heard a man of fifty, who had moved in the best circles of London, and in a university city, declare that he had never but twice in his life seen a gentleman the worse for liquor; and several persons among the party present declared their experience to be similar. Others could not say quite so much; but all agreed that, considering how common intoxication is among certain classes, and used to be among all classes, it had become surprisingly rare in their own rank. This does not mean that there are not still many people who injure their health and character by the too frequent resort to stimulants, for one hears many lamentations over the practice of taking "nips" and "pick-me-ups" through the day—a practice alleged to prevail among ladies of fashion as well as young men in the city. I speak only of intoxication, which has become a mark of gross ill-breeding in the society of ladies, and is condemned as "bad form" even in a party of men.

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THERE is nothing should be taught sooner than that this is a working world, and that labor, physical or mental, is a necessity for the whole progeny, for the first tiller of the soil and sewer of the fig-trees. Mothers try to spare their daughters the necessity of labor by taking the burden on themselves, much more than fathers do their sons. In fact our experience is that men, as a rule are lazier than woman. The boys are made to work and earn for their father before the mothers think that the girls can do more than hem their ruffles or trim their hats. Mothers take pride in their daughters' soft hands and round cheeks, when their own hands have become hardened and their own cheeks hollow. The danger of this is that the soft hands and smooth faces become the first thought of the daughters, and a selfish and idle life is the result. Daughters, you have but one mother; care for her and spare her. "No love like a mother's love," unselfish, thoughtful, unreasoning often for herself, but always taking thoughts for "the children." An idle life is always a selfish one. No heart is so naturally good as to escape the demoralizing effects of days without labor, that bring nights without weariness, sleep without peace, and awaking without rest or freshness.

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THE flight of human hours, not really more rapid at any one moment than another, yet oftentimes to our feelings seems more rapid, and this flight startles us like guilty things, with a more affecting sense of its rapidity, when a distant church clock strikes in the night time, or, when upon some solemn summer evening, the sun's disk, after setting for a minute with farewell horizontal rays, suddenly drops out of sight. The record of our loss in such a case seems to us the first intimation of its possibility; as if we could not be made sensible that the hours were perishable until it is announced to us that already they have perished. We feel a perplexity of distress when that which seems to us the cruelest of injuries, a robbery committed upon our dearest possession by the conspiracy of the world outside, seems also as in part a robbery sanctioned by our own collusion. The world, and the customs of the world, never cease to lay taxes upon our time; that is true, and so far the blame is not ours; but the particular degree in which we suffer by this robbery depends much upon the weakness with which we ourselves become parties to the wrong, or the energy with which we resist it. Resisting or not, however, we are doomed to suffer a bitter pang as often as the irrecoverable flight of our time is brought home with keenness to our hearts.

THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

What is't excels both wealth and station
And soars above a kingly crown—
That guides the leaders of the nation
To brightest honor and renown?

By which the mighty army moveth
That holds the lightning in its chains—
That everywhere man's state improveth
And like a matchless monarch reigns?

By it man rides the breast of ocean—
By it aside the tyrant's hurled:
In every land it claims devotion
For Thought is ruler of the world.

At Kilbarrack.

BY E. O. BLACKBURNE.

SOMEWHAT less than one hundred years ago, when Francis Higgins, the notorious "Sham Squire" of Dublin society bequeathed his body to Kilbarrack churchyard, the place was even more lonely and picturesque-looking than it is at present. Bleak and desolate, it is situated upon the southern margin of the beautiful bay of Dublin. In the midst of the churchyard is a little ruined chapel, which was built by the hardy, pious fishermen of the district, that their wives and children might there offer up prayers for their safety whilst they were away gathering the harvest of the ocean.

In the little churchyard of Kilbarrack many generations of the rude forefathers of the neighboring hamlets of Kilbarrack, Baldoyle, Sutton, and Howth, sleep their last long sleep. It is also the repository of the remains of many of higher rank in life than the fishing class already alluded to; for old tombstones and headstones, with preposterous spelling and epitaphs thereon, mark many a family burial-place—notably that of Margaret Lawless, the mother of the incorruptible patriot peer, Lord Cloncurry. Her tomb is beside the traditionary grass-grown grave of the "Sham Squire," unfit company for even the mortal remains of so noble a woman.

The whole neighborhood is rife with traditions, and one of its latest, most tragic, and most pathetic, forms the framework of this veritable story.

Looking westward from the old church of Kilbarrack, you can see Ireland's Eye, Lambey Island, and Howth Harbor; and right in sight of them, leaning against the outer walls of the ruins, is a black wooden cross.

It is rather of better workmanship than those around. It is more substantial-looking, and there is an attempt at rude carving at the extremities of the arms of the cross. The fierce gales which sweep over the district had torn it from its position lately, but reverend hands had reinstated it. It now stands upright, but the words originally painted upon it are but dimly decipherable. Yet, not so very many years ago, it bore the following inscription:

"Sacred . to . the . memory . of . Ellen Sheridan . who . broke . her . heart April . 21, . 18——.

"R. I. P."

* * * * *

"Mother, ye might let me go to school the day?"

The half-timid, half-pleading request was uttered by a little Irish peasant girl, of about ten or eleven years of age. Her scanty attire would have been rejected with disdain by a discerning scarecrow. Shoes and stockings were to her an unknown source of civilization, and her thick, straight, matted black hair fell in jagged masses over her forehead, meeting her heavy black brows, and almost obscuring her eyes. The latter was much to be regretted, for the child's eyes were her only redeeming feature. They were the sweet, deep violet-blue eyes of the Celt, with long, thick, black lashes. In other respects, she had no feature to speak of, except her mouth, which certainly could not be overlooked, for her family and friends, with charming frankness, repeatedly told her, when alluding to that feature, that if it were not for her ears—which certainly proved admirable and formidable barriers—her mouth would surely have gone round her head.

"Arrah! then, how bad ye are, wantin' to go to school. I can't read or write, nor me mother afore me an' I got on in the world, Mick," to a youngster of about three years old—the senior of two other children, one of which the mother was then nursing—"lave that stirabout pot alone! School, indade!" she continued, recurring to the former topic; "better by far for ye to stay at home and mould the childhre."

The little girl threw her hands before her face and began to whimper.

"Come, stop that!" exclaimed Peggy Sheridan, in a peremptory tone. "Be aff, out o' this, and let me av none av yer cryin'. There's scarce enough sayweed in to make manure for the next crap of praties, so take the ould tin can down an' hape some up down there on the burrow."

"I will, mother; but can't ye let me go to school, and I'll do it when I come back again?"

"Tosh, ye're enough to vex a saint. Talkin' av yer school while there's such lapse as bloody-wore down on the strand that it 'ud be flyin' in the face av Heaven not to get wor it!"

Ellen Sheridan, urged thereto by unmistakable evidence upon her mother's part that she was likely to become demonstrative in her anger, left the squalid, untidy, fish-smelling little cabin, which she called her home, and walked slowly down the road with the old tin can in her hand, until she came to the shingle where the glistening dark brown seaweed lay sparkling in the September sunshine. The tears were yet wet on Ellen's cheeks as she walked listlessly along, cooling her bare feet amongst the slippery seaweed, when some shouts caused her to toss away the mane which hung over her forehead, and, shading her eyes with her hand, she looked up.

A great pang of jealous envy took possession of her soul as she saw four or five boys and girls on their way to the parish school or the Nuns' School. With that inherent demonism, which seems to be common to school-boys and schoolgirls in all classes, they proceeded to counteract the effects of their presumably too highly cultivated brains by a little physical exertion.

As her veracious chronicler, we are bound here to state that Ellen Sheridan—ugly, uncouth, ignorant, and sensitive—was a butt for the jeers and taunts of her more audacious compeers. As she looked up, a stone from the group resounded against the tin can, this was followed by another and another, and a peal of jeering laughter from her assailants. Ellen—valiant because she was at some distance from them—stooped to pick up a stone with which to retaliate, when she received a sharp blow just behind her ear, whilst a youth, coming from a field at the other side of the road, set off in pursuit of the vanishing school-children.

"I know every wan av yez," he said, shaking his hand at them as they deftly evaded him, "an' I'll complain av yez to Father Grogan! Did they hit yeh, ochorra? Are yeh much hurt?" he asked kindly, running down the shingle to where Ellen was sitting sobbing bitterly, and trying to staunch the blood with her tattered skirt, for pinafore she had none.

"Yis," she sobbed, "an' it was that Maggie Moran that did it."

"Och! maybe it wasn't, now," he replied in an easy, good-natured voice. Dan Coyle was a good-looking peasant of about eighteen. "Come up to the well in the field, an' we'll wash it, an' put some crows-foot leaves on it. They're the finest thing out for a cut."

Dan performed the part of surgeon, if not according to the most orthodox fashion, at least kindly and with a good will, and the leaves were bound on by a neat and artistically-tied small hay-rope.

"An' so ye'r goin' to gether blobby-wore, asthore?" he said.

"Yis; but I'd rather be at school," responded Ellen. "I wanted me mother to let me go to-day, for I want to know how to read books."

Dan looked at the dirty, tear-stained little figure before him. It was rather a puzzle to him how anyone could like to go to school. His own father had owned a couple of fishing-boats, and was considered a well-to-do man in the neighborhood, so that he had been able to spare Dan to go to school, much against his own inclination. However, the result was that Dan had so far advanced up the thorny paths of learning that he knew how to read and write tolerably well. What giddy heights he might have attained in further scaling Parnassus could oddly be conjectured, as his father and the two fishing-boats were all lost one stormy night when Dan was about thirteen, and he had from thence to do an odd day's fishing or an odd day's field-work, as either presented itself.

"Sorra bit much good it would do yeh, Ellen," he said. "It's bether for yeh to get the sayweed for the crap, for the fishin' was very bad this year, an' God knows the plateen an' a bit av cabbage 'll be wanted. I'll come down an' put some on yer hape at dinner-time."

Ellen soon had a good heap collected. As she toiled on, her busy brain kept time with her busy hands, she forgot all about her accident, and in a voice clear and sweet as a skylark's, she over and anon carolled forth scraps of songs and masses, which latter she had picked up in the chapel. The sacred music seemed to be her especial favorite. Her melodies were correct; every note was true; for Ellen was a born musician, and possessed such an accurate ear, and such a rare vocal organ as one in a million is ever endowed with. The poor, ignorant, untutored child had some dim yearnings after something brighter and braver in her life. It was this feeling that made her long to learn how to write and read, as she had a firm conviction that she could then, as she said to herself, "know everything."

But Peggy Sheridan was inexorable. Certainly, the herring fishing was bad for many subsequent seasons, and it was hard enough, even with the combined labor of the father and the growing up family to keep body and soul together. Moreover, the shifting sands had just commenced to silt up and form a bar across the harbor, so that by the time Ellen Sheridan was sixteen years of age, the Baldoyle fishermen were in woeful plight. During the time there had been but little variation in Ellen's sordid, hard-working life. She fully bore out the promise of her extreme uncouthness, yet people liked Ellen, who was always spoken of as "a quiet, dacint girsha."

The one relaxation of her existence was attending every available service in the chapel. Her apparent piety gained her a good reputation amongst her pastors and neighbors, who little guessed that the chief attractions there were the exquisitely rendered masses, during which Ellen Sheridan sat enraptured, listening with the soul of an extremely personally ill-favored St. Cecilia.

Nevertheless, Father Grogan had some shrewd suspicion of the real state of affairs. Meeting Ellen one day, near the chapel, he said brusquely:

"Ellen Sheridan, I think you're very fond of music?" The priest was a thorough musician himself, and to his exertions and example was due the excellence of his choir, which ranked as one of the best in the diocese. Ellen colored painfully as he addressed her, and her heart beat violently.

"I am, sir," she replied.

"Come in here," he said, entering the chapel, where one or two were practicing. "Listen to that," he continued, as they stood at the foot of the ladder leading up to the organ loft.

Ellen listened. They were singing the sweetest of all the Christmas hymns—the immortal "Adeste, fideles"—truly immortal words wedded to immortal song!

They soon all descended from the organ loft, and presently left the chapel. Desiring Ellen to follow him, Father Grogan seated himself at the organ, and said:

"Could you sing—of course without the words, for they are in Latin—the air you have just heard?"

"I could, sir," promptly replied the bewildered and delighted Ellen.

She sang it throughout, Father Grogan playing the accompaniment. Her glorious voice echoed and re-echoed throughout the chapel. Not a false note could the priest's critical and educated ear detect. As she concluded, he turned to her and asked:

"Ellen—would you like to come and sing in the choir?"

The girl almost gasped for breath! Could she have heard aright?

"Not me, sir!"

"Yes—you, Ellen. If you will take this home and learn off the Latin words, I'll get someone to teach you how to pronounce them, and you shall sing in the choir on Christmas day."

Ellen's heart sank. Never before did she regret so bitterly her inability to read! If Father Grogan knew this defect he certainly had forgotten it. He did not wait for a reply, but handing Ellen a small piece of music, looked at his watch, and went off quickly.

The girl did not know what to think. A heaven upon earth was prepared for her, did she possess the golden key of knowledge! She walked slowly out of the chapel, and as she wended her way along the road with the music in her hand, in the dim light she saw approaching her, her old acquaintance, Dan Coyle. Almost without knowing what she said, Ellen told the wonderful news to Dan, concluding, with—

"Och! Dan! Dan! if I only could read! I wish I had your book-larnin'."

Dan turned and walked along the road with Ellen. He listened to her lamentations, and presently said slowly and diffidently: "Ellen—shure if it's only to taiche yeh the readin' on the paper, I cud say it ever so often, an' yeh could larn it by heart."

The project was too delightful not to be entertained. Dan Coyle accompanied Ellen home, and the whole affair was explained to the family.

Ellen was a willing and docile pupil, and soon learnt the words. Father Grogan then took her in hand, and on Christmas day, Ellen Sheridan, shoeless, stockingless and bonnetless, sang for the first time in public in the choir of Baldoyle Chapel.

And thus the winter and early spring passed over. Dan Coyle goodnaturedly spent many an evening at Joe Sheridan's little cabin, sitting out on the shingle, teaching Ellen the words of the Masses and various responses. Also, before the fields were again yellow with the waving corn, Dan Coyle had taught Ellen Sheridan how to love him. The days passed away, in an ecstacy of joy for Ellen—she was learning:

"The lesson of loving.
The sad, sad lesson of loving:
And all its powers of pleasure or pain
Was slowly, surely proving."

For her happiness was not without alloy. The news that she was to be married to Dan Coyle soon got noised abroad, and "ugly Ellen Sheridan" was made the theme of many a coarse jest. They at length reached her ears, for those in her station in life are not overburdened with sensitive feelings. The cruel things they said gave the girl exquisite pain—as keen as was the joy with which she had responded to Dan Coyle's request that she would be his wife. Dan Coyle was looked upon with favoring eyes by many a comfortable fisherman's daughter, and by none more favorably than by Maggie Moran—now a fine handsome, bold-looking girl. She was maddened by Dan Coyle's preference for Ellen Sheridan. Industriously and insidiously she circulated reports detrimental to Ellen's good reputation. She took care they should reach Dan Coyle's ears. He never had been very much in love with Ellen Sheridan. He had been attracted by her gentleness, her evident admiration for himself, and her economical, housewifely ways. But he was not strong enough to run the gauntlet of the remarks he heard anent her appearance and character. He did not like to say anything to her on the subject. Like many others, he trusted to time to make all things come straight for him. And thus it came to pass that Dan Coyle's visits to Joe Sheridan's cabin became more infrequent. And Ellen, with a breaking heart, became conscious of "the little rift within the lute" which gradually grew wider and wider.

Yet Ellen made no sign, even when she heard her lover's name mentioned in connection with Maggie Moran, and at length the long, dreary winter evenings came, and Dan Coyle's visits ceased altogether. Ellen could no longer bear the sneers and taunts of her own family, and one wild March morning as she was going to the fields to her daily toil, she met Dan Coyle and spoke to him. "Dan," she said, confronting him, and looking steadily at him, with never a quaver in her voice—"is it thrue what I hear, that you're goin' to be married to Maggie Moran?"

Evidently disconcerted by this abrupt and leading question, he did not reply for a minute, and then stammered forth:—"Why then, where did ye hear that, Ellen?"

"From everyone. Dan Coyle, I want to hear from yourself if ye'll want to take back the promise yeh gave me?"

"Och, shure, Ellen," he replied, half-ashamed, and half evasively, "it was only all foolishness betchune us! There, Ellen!" and he magnanimously held out his hand towards her, "don't let there be any ill-will betchune old friends like us. Shure we both made a mistake."

"Yes," said Ellen, ignoring his proffered hand and pressing her own over her throbbing heart beneath her poor thin shawl: "we both made a mistake." And so saying she passed swiftly on.

With an effort at repression which would have done credit to one reared in a higher social atmosphere, Ellen Sheridan went about her daily tasks as though her heart had not received its death-blow. She sang as usual every day during Lent, at vespers in the chapel, and the Thursday before Easter Sunday as she concluded assisting in the solemn and mournful music of the *Tenebræ*, she heard the whisper go round as she left the chapel, that Dan Coyle and Maggie Moran were to be married after first mass on Easter Sunday. Ellen Sheridan said nothing, she scarcely seemed to feel anything, her heart felt dead within her. On the Good Friday none threw themselves more fully into the music of the *Stabat Mater*, and Easter Sunday morning found Ellen Sheridan—calm and composed—in her customary seat in the choir.

A glorious Easter Day—the brilliant gleams of the sun typical of the sun that arose and illumined Christendom more than eighteen hundred years ago. It streamed over altar and aisle, where lingered some of the congregation. The organist, with a smile at his choir, commenced playing the *Regina Cœli*, and as he did so a rustic wedding party walked up the aisle.

Ellen Sheridan stood in front of the choir; she saw Dan Coyle and Maggie Moran advance to the altar, there to be made man and wife. As she looked at them she seemed to be nerving herself for a supreme effort, for never before did her splendid voice do such justice to the grand music of Mozart.

Scarcely had she come to the last syllable, when she suddenly ceased for a moment, a piercing shriek resounded through the chapel, and Ellen Sheridan with a wailing cry of:—

"Dan! Dan! Dan!" fell senseless, her life-blood flowing from her lips.

In utter consternation all looked wildly around. Heedless of his bride, Dan Coyle rushed up to the organ-loft, and took the girl in his arms. She opened her eyes, and looking at him with a faint smile, said:

"Dan—you've broke me heart!"

One sigh and all was over.

* * * * * *

That Cross at Kilbarrack was carved and erected by Dan Coyle, who never again led a bride to the altar. Maggie Moran, universally execrated by her neighbors, at length left the place, and Dan Coyle yet lives, faithful to the loving memory of Ellen Sheridan, who died for love of him.

His Mascotte.

BY J. T. WHITEHEAD.

HEIGH-HO, here I am thirty years old this Christmas Eve, and the jolliest dog of the Bachelor's Club," exclaimed Ned Nettleton, as in the wee sma' hours of Christmas Eve, or rather morning, he stretched his slippered feet over the fender of a brightly burning grate fire in his comfortable bachelor quarters up town.

Everything in the room, and about the young stock-broker indicated refinement and good taste, from the meerschaum pipe between his lips and the bottle of Mumm's Extra Dry on the tripod table beside the easy chair in which he was lying, to the embroidered *robe de chambre* he had on, the ends of which hung rather dangerously near the open grate fire.

"And the club had a rather jolly night of it," he musingly continued. "Let me see, my head's rather muddled, but we took our Christmas pledge first. Yes, I remember that. You do solemnly pledge on your faith as a bachelor, never to let a fair enslaver entrap you in the matrimonial noose. Ha, ha, good enough! But, hallos, that cuts out Mary ——."

He contemplatively took a few whiffs of his pipe and then continued—

"Well, well, I haven't paid for more than the ordinary civilities since I first saw her last summer. Besides, I told her I belong to the Bachelor's Club. After that she has no right to expect—Bah! my boy, don't become sentimental."

He filled himself a glass of champagne, and having drained it, watched the rings of smoke as they ascended from his pipe.

"First ring, betrothal; second ring, marriage; third and succeeding rings—an interesting and numerous progeny—all smoke! Stocks and bonds, my boy, puts and calls, fast horses, champagne and oysters, do as you please—that's solid comfort, that's reality. No, thank you, no matrimony for me."

He stretched out his legs more comfortably, got his dressing-gown into closer proximity to the fire without noticing it, and thus continued in his reverie—

"Then we adjourned the meeting and went in a body to hear the 'Mascotte.' Had private boxes. Charming singing and lovely women. Never enjoyed myself better in my life. Might have spent the evening at Mary's, though. Dare say the poor girl was expecting me. Glad I didn't go. Haven't any right to keep other eligible fellows away, fellows who don't belong to the Bachelor's Club, and haven't signed the pledge, confound them!"

He was rather angry at those "other fellows."

Not jealous, of course not, only angry because they wouldn't join the club and laughed at its objects.

"After the opera we adjourned over to Delmonico's. Had a spread of course. Regular stag affair. None of the fair sex to make you feel so uncomfortably proper. We toasted the dear absent creature, anyhow. I toasted Mary, not loud. If the boys had heard me——

"How many bottles did we have? Let me see.

"We sang twenty and drank nothing but comic ones.

"I've got that rather mixed. It's the fault of the mixed drinks, I suppose. However, here I am at home, in gown and slippers, though how the dickens I got into them, I don't know.

"I'm going to punish this bottle anyway, and then I'm off to bed."

"'Oh, when I was single, my pockets would jingle.
Don't I wish I was single again.'"

he hummed, breaking off to add—

"I hope I shall never be obliged to sing that song in earnest."

He poured himself out a second glass and drained it, then here filled and relighted his pipe and settled himself comfortably for a fine smoke, still with the same unconscious persistency bringing his gown yet nearer that grate fire.

He didn't hear the door open, nor was he aware that there was anybody else in the room until she hopped on the tripod table and made him a most profound bow.

By she, we mean the most comical looking little old woman that mortal eye ever gazed upon.

She was only about two feet in height, with a face peaked and pinched, a nose coming down over her mouth, twinkling, greenish gray eyes, little iron-gray corkscrew curls peeping out from beneath the sugar-loaf hat on her head, and a green mantle thrown over her shoulders.

What made the little old woman look so very comical was the fact that she wore the same costume of the actress who had played the "Mascotte" at the opera that evening. A dress which, no doubt, looked very charming on a young and beautiful woman, but was simply absurdly grotesque on the comical little creature who kept bobbing her head up and down, as she stood there amid the glasses and champagne bottle on the tripod table.

"I say, hallos," exclaimed Ned, in the greatest surprise, without, however, arising from his easy-chair. "Who are you, anyway, and how on earth did you get here?"

"Be a little more polite to ladies in general and old ladies in particular," squeaked the little old woman in reply, "I'm old enough to be your grandmother."

"That's certain. But who are you, anyway. What's you name?"

"I'm the Mascotte," she cried, with a shrill laugh. "Your Mascotte, all bachelors' Mascotte, the Mascotte of the boobbies who sign pledges and join bachelor clubs."

"I'm dreaming, that's positive," muttered Ned to himself. "And such a jolly Christmas dream. I say Miss Mascotte, my good fairy," he added aloud, "you haven't come here just for the fun of the thing, have you?"

"None of your levity with me, young man. I've come here to show you my mirror in which the bachelor sees himself as others see him. I'm privileged to show it to a bachelor on Christmas Eve. I'm going to show it to you now."

She suddenly threw the champagne bottle into the open grate-fire, sent the glass of wine after it, then nimbly leaped on Ned's lap, snatched the pipe out of his hand, and threw it on the glowing coals.

His slippers went next and a portion of his dressing-gown followed.

"Those are the ingredients," screamed the little old woman, hopping back to the tripod-table. "Bachelor comforts make bachelor mirrors."

A thick, heavy smoke issued from the fire and formed itself into the shape of an oval mirror on the opposite wall.

"Is this a dream, or isn't it?" muttered Ned. "I'm sure I smell burning and see the smoke. But what's in that mirror? By Jove! That's me with my fast team."

"He, he," giggled the little old woman. "There you go, on the road to ruin."

"But I say, my dear Mascotte," exclaimed Ned, as he contemplated his counterpart on the wall. "I'm transparent, I am. I can see right through me. What sort of a heart is that I've got anyway?"

"Crystal, Ned Nettleton, crystal. Hard, but as yet unclouded. But it will change by-and-by, you will see."

She waved her funny little arms over her funny little head, and the magic picture in the mirror was replaced by another.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Ned, "I'm at least twenty years older."

"Only ten Ned Nettleton, only ten. Bachelors change in looks more rapidly than in years. Ned Nettleton at forty, the worn-out, tired man of the world, sick of fast life, fast horses and faster companions. See how weary he looks as he sits there in his room. His heart is crystal yet but it is clouded with selfishness. It is the turning-point of his existence. Love could melt even that crystal, love and marriage. But his pledge to the Bachelor's Club? Will he break it?"

Again she waved her arms and a third picture appeared in the mirror; the picture of a hard featured, prematurely old man, with a heart of granite, sitting at a desk in his private office, grasping bags of money in his hands.

"Old bachelor, old bachelor," screamed the little old woman, shaking with laughter. "Ned Nettleton, old bachelor. Only cares for money now; hugs his gold to his breast. He's very rich, but his heart is of granite, hard, black granite. Nothing can melt it, nothing can make it transparent. No loving wife awaits his coming home, no devoted children run out to greet his returning steps. In his youth he sacrificed all to selfish pleasure, in his barren old age offers up everything to his idol gold. But he is rich, very rich. Let him take his comfort out of that—if he can."

"That's some comfort anyhow," muttered Ned rather disconsolately. "I suppose we're coming now to the last scene of this strange but not very eventful history."

"It requires no picture, Ned Nettleton," squeaked the little old woman with a strange sort of glee. "Ned the old bachelor, Ned the miser, is dead. Found dead in his office, hugging his gold. Strangers bury him with cold formality. No one drops a tear on his bier. There's only one speculation in everybody's mind. Did he make a will? Who'll get his money? He's made no will, he's left no relations, none to inherit him. The State takes all. That's the end of Ned Nettleton and his gold."

She waved her arms and a new picture appeared in the magic mirror.

The picture of a young man very like Ned, clasping to his breast a young girl very like his Mary.

There was a rainbow of promise brightly beaming above them.

"Hallos, here I am again, risen from the dead," exclaimed Ned.

"Oh, no!" giggled the little old woman. "This is a different kind of a Ned. This is Ned Nettleton, the married man. It is his wedding-day, and the rainbow of hope is very brilliant. But you can see his heart. It is of wax. What impression will it receive? Ah, there's the rub—what impression will it receive?"

She waved her arms, and the picture now presented to Ned's view showed the interior of a fashionable house, with a fashionably dressed man and woman and fashionably brought up children—a boy and a girl.

"You're on the wrong track, Mr. Married-man Nettleton. You're proud of your wife, and you want society to be proud of her. She submits to please you, but her face looks sad and her heart is distressed. She would rather have you and her children all to herself, to show you how she could love you and them. But you repress her emotions. You say it is unfashionable. And to be fashionable, to move in society, you are living above your income, you are contracting debts. Ah, Ned Nettleton, your heart is of wax still, but it has received the wrong impression, and the rainbow is fading away, it is fading."

Another wave of her arms, and Ned saw himself a miserable tramp, lying intoxicated in the gutter, with his wife, meanly clad, kneeling beside him, shedding, oh! such bitter tears, and his children standing around him crying with cold and hunger.

In the dull, grey sky overhead, no rainbow was visible, but the icy, freezing snow was falling flake by flake on the wretched group.

"Now, that's not a very comforting picture of married life," exclaimed Ned. "I'd prefer my bachelor existence to anything of that sort. I would, by Jove!"

"It's a picture of your own making," sternly replied the little old woman. "Where has your fashionable life led you to? Bankruptcy and ruin. Your business gone, your house gone, your gewgaws of fashion gone, the butterflies who fluttered around you in your days of prosperity—all gone. You could not stand the blow. Your heart was of wax. You took to drink to drown your sorrow, and see to what degradation it has brought you. Oh, listen, listen to the angel kneeling at your side; listen to her who has clung to you through all your misery, who has remained true to you when every one else deserted you. Behold your children's woes. Rouse yourself from the slough of despond into which you have fallen. Be a man, Ned Nettleton, be a man!"

Half dreamily Ned muttered—

"I will."

Instantly the picture changed to a small room, wanting the direst necessities of life.

But a sad necessity of death was near.

A coffin—a child's coffin—stood in the centre of the room, and around it knelt Ned, his wife, and the boy, their only remaining child.

Poor little Mary!

She had succumbed to the cold and the misery, the hunger and want of that terrible night out in the street, and the snow-storm.

As Ned raised his right hand to Heaven to register a silent vow, the rainbow once again appeared, shining in through the paneless window.

"Can you see his heart, Ned Nettleton?" asked the little old woman. "It has passed through the fire, the dross is all burnt away, it is coming out pure gold. That is why the rainbow is shining in through the window. That is why the sorrow-stricken mother, even while weeping there over the loss of her child, feels the thrill of a new-born happiness."

"And what's the last picture of this series?" asked Ned, turning from the magic mirror on the wall to where the little old woman was standing on the tripod table.

But wonderful, miraculous change! she had disappeared, and before him stood Mary, his Mary, as he had always seen her, and known her to be, the brightest, best, and loveliest of girls.

"Trust in my love, dear Ned," she said, in her sweet melodious voice, while an angelic smile beamed on her countenance. "Trust in my love. Seek the future hand in hand and heart to heart with me. In our married life sorrows will come, but we will bear them together, and thus lighten each other's load. In that way we shall find true happiness. Take me to your heart, dear Ned. I am your good fairy, your 'Mascotte.'"

Ned stretched out his arms and embraced—his valet Richard, who had burst into the room in a state of the wildest alarm.

Fortunately the door was unlocked, or the young bachelor would surely have been burnt alive.

As it was, the whole room was filled with smoke, and the ends of his elegant dressing-gown were still scorching where they had caught on fire at the open grate.

"I thought I smelt smoke," was Ned's comment when he was finally made to comprehend that he had fallen asleep in his easy-chair and had been dreaming.

Dream or no dream, that Christmas Eve made a changed man of him.

He sent in his resignation to the Bachelor's Club, and before New Year's Day proposed to his Mary.

As he afterwards often declared, she, proved indeed, to be his Mascotte.

The Tramp's Revenge.

BY J. C. MITCHELL.

A GREAT, fertile hollow, in the midland hills, and one man owned it all. Five hundred acres of level and upland, field and forest; and well might Milly Van Vleeck complain that she could not even visit a neighbor without climbing over the hills.

But old Squire Van Vleeck had no use for neighbors.

Was not the land his own, and the homestead and the saw-mill itself, half-way down the hollow?

The first heavy snows came earlier than usual and the cold weather brought with it immunity from the one thing the squire hated most.

Not a tramp had been seen in the hollow for weeks, and no man troubled himself to ask whither they had flown.

All the more, however, that bitter afternoon, did the old man's angry soul stir itself within him when he met, at his own gate, the most outrageous specimen of the shabby-genteel breed that the whole season had brought before him.

If other tramps had sometimes borne only the seal of misfortune or of common vagabondage, this one was clearly and undoubtedly a prince of his worthless guild and a chosen vessel of vice and crime.

Plenty of bone and muscle had he, and the very swing and spring of his slouching gait proclaimed that no lack of mere physical capacity had made him what he was.

Can a tramp have in him anything like energy?

The squire would have said "No" at any time before he gave that roving ruffian so large and so sordid a piece of his mind and temper.

He had scarcely dreamed of such a change as his words produced.

There was some magic in them, stirring up evil into a power.

The begging whine swelled in a volume of hoarse and strident vituperation. The relics of a mind glowered fiercely through the hairy, filthy face. The whole hulking frame seemed to quiver as the tramp strode away, with the meaning of the threats and curses with which the air was blue behind him.

Fear is a bitter ingredient to put in the cup of anger, and Squire Van Vleeck was in even a worse humor than usual, ten minutes later, when a somewhat fine-looking young man reined in his horse at the gate, and seemed about to spring from his sleigh.

"Good-morning, squire."

"Don't stop, Gil Morse! Drive right on!" roared the old man. "Don't stop ag'in anywhere in this holler. Yer father's son needn't quit the road anywhere on my land. If it hedn't a-been for him, I might a-had the nomination."

More than that he said; but while the young man's face deepened to a hot crimson, he controlled his temper sufficiently to give his horse the reins and do as he was bidden without another word.

A tall, strongly-built, broad-shouldered youth was Gilbert Morse, and a year in a city business-house had made none the less a man of him. His greeting at the squire's had been clearly altogether unexpected, and he pulled his horse to a walk, a moment later, as if he wanted to give the matter some kind of consideration.

How he would have driven if he could have looked along the road ahead of him, just beyond where it entered the hemlock-woods.

Distant as were her neighbors, Millie Van Vleeck was too robust and healthy-minded a young lady to remain housed up, even in winter weather, and she had never looked rosier or prettier in all her life than she did that afternoon, as she tripped along the frosty road homeward.

Away beyond the saw-mill and into the woods she had been, almost aimlessly, in sheer exuberance of youth and high spirits, never dreaming of such a possibility as danger there and then.

Down the road she was coming, and the frosty snow that crackled under her light feet was not more innocent or fearless.

A man in the road!

It might be Jake, her father's saw-mill hand, or it might be one of the farm-boys, or it might be neither. Why should she care?

And yet, as that man drew nearer, Milly walked more slowly, and her heart began to beat, she could not have told why.

She could see him more distinctly now, and never had her eyes fallen on anything like that before.

"I almost wish I had the dogs with me," she said to herself, with a shudder. "What a horrible-looking man! I thought the tramps were all gone."

More and more slowly walked Milly, for, as the hideous human form drew nearer, a pair of blazing, hungry, wild-beast eyes gloated fiercely and triumphantly upon her through the matted locks which hung from under the battered felt on his head.

"A darter of his, I reckon," growled the tramp. "It's all the same, anyhow; some rich man's gal."

A wild scream burst from Milly's whitening lips, and she tried to spring past him; but his long arm caught her as she went by, and in an instant her shawl was wound around her head.

"No more screechin'," growled the hoarse, deep voice, "though there's nobody nigh enough to hear you."

Nobody?

Then why was it that the lash had fallen so suddenly on the good horse Gilbert Morse was driving, just beyond the turn in the road?

A scream from vigorous lungs goes far in frosty weather, and the whip fell more than once.

Milly struggled hard, even in that grasp of iron, but her strength was failing fast, when a wild, angry shout rang down the road, and the tramp loosed his hold for a moment.

"Don't meddle, youngster," he began, as a fiercely plunging steed was pulled up in a flurry of snow at the roadside.

The answer came from the loaded end of a whip, square between his eyes.

A thinner skull might have been cracked by it, and, even on his brazen forehead, the blow brought him on his knees.

Milly Van Vleeck was free, and she almost instinctively bounded into the cutter.

There was no room to turn, and Gilbert Morse gave his trotter the reins, for he saw the tramp was feeling among his rags for something which might have danger in it. He longed to stay and finish his work with his loaded whip, but there was Milly.

"Oh, Gil," she exclaimed, "how shall I get home?"

"The saw-mill road," he replied; "the track has probably not been broken, but the snow isn't deep."

"Yes, but it has," said Milly. "They were hauling logs yesterday."

"Safe enough, then," said Gil. "But ain't I thankful I came along just then!"

"Did father tell you I was out this way? I knew you would come to see me first thing. And how you have improved!"

Milly's excitement was taking a form that could not be unpleasant to her companion; but a deep cloud was settling on his face, notwithstanding, and she checked herself suddenly to ask him:

"But what can be the matter? He did not hurt you, did he?"

"No, but your father has, Milly. I cannot stop at your house. Your father has forbidden me. Something between him and mine about the election. When we get to the gate, you get out and go in. Perhaps he'll get over it soon, and I don't want to make him any worse just now."

A wise young man was Gilbert Morse, in spite of Milly's all but tearful protestations, for the sight of his daughter returning home in such company aroused old Squire Van Vleeck to the uttermost.

It was even an aggravation that Gil so deftly pulled up just long enough for Milly to jump out, and then raised his hat so politely to her father as he drove away.

So choked with wrath, indeed, was the bitter old man, that he could not find words to express himself, and, before he had recovered his utterance, Milly was rapidly recounting to her mother her awful peril from the tramp, and the gallant manner in which she had been rescued by Gilbert Morse.

The squire could not help listening, although it seemed a good deal like a romance at first.

But Milly had bruises to show, as well as her torn shawl and disordered dress, and in a moment more the old man was striding up and down the room like a tiger in a cage.

"On my own land! In my own woods! My own daughter!" he gasped, at intervals. And then stopped in front of her, with, "Did you say Gil Morse knocked him down?"

"Yes, father."

"And saved ye?"

"Yes, father; and he brought me home in his cutter."

"And I drove him away like a dog or a tramp this very afternoon," roared the squire. "I'll drive them all away. I'll shoot 'em on sight. They'll burn me out of house and home next."

Milly's mother had her arms around her, almost hysterically, but her excitement was calmness itself compared to the all but ludicrous frenzy of the old man.

Lack of love for his own had never been charged upon him, whatever were his other faults.

The events of the afternoon had not, moreover, been of a sort to induce any unusual quietude in the blood of a young fellow like Gilbert Morse.

His expected supper and evening at Squire Van Vleeck's having been so [illegible]

ceremoniously put out of the question, his after-thought was for a decent immediate drive home, for that would be ten miles at least.

Just over the hill, and less than three miles from the Van Vleeck homestead, was a pleasant country hostelry, and there Gil naturally betook himself for supper and horse-care.

This attended to, he said to the landlord, an old acquaintance:

"Al, can you keep a secret?"

"Did, once," replied Al.

"Then lend me your shotgun," said Gil, and, with the request, he added an account of his exploits on the road, and the differences between himself and the squire.

"Can't go to the house, you see, Al, but I'm bound to know if that rascal is loafing around there."

"I'd go with you in a moment if I could get away," almost shouted the landlord. "Gun? Yes, two on 'em, if you want. I wish my wife wasn't sick. It won't do for you to arrest him all alone, and without any warrant, but try for a chance to fill him full of buckshot."

Al's notion of law may have been somewhat original, but his meaning was full of public spirit.

It was somewhat dark when Gilbert Morse began to retrace, on foot, the road he had so recently driven over, for the moon was not yet over the hills, but he felt all the better for having the double-barreled duck-gun over his shoulder.

"Better than a pistol for night-work," he said to himself.

He did not keep the road up to the homestead, but made a detour through the woods and came out beyond, not far from the saw-mill.

"Better go on toward the main road," he muttered; "it's early yet, and he's likely to come in from that direction."

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, a moment later, as he stood among the sheltering shadows of a clump of trees, "three of 'em? The big fellow's the lame one. They're making straight for the saw-mill. Hunt on mischief, not a doubt of it."

There was no earthly reason for any doubt.

The big tramp had met his two associates returning from an expedition somewhat more successful than his own, and they had promptly agreed with him that the circumstances called for the infliction of the extreme penalties known to the laws of their guild.

That is, in short, fire, and as much plunder as possible.

It was already getting well into the evening, and rural retiring hours are notoriously early.

Not that slumber was likely to come very promptly to the Van Vleeck family that night, though the squire had calmed down a good deal and was unusually silent.

Mrs. Van Vleeck had kept very close to her daughter all the evening, and had taken the precaution to bring the two dogs, both large ones, into the house.

The dogs and the family might be the safer, but how about tramps?

The big ruffian, as has been said, was not without some traces of a vicious intellect, and was quite competent to be the leader of a little affair like that.

"Set the saw-mill first," he said. "All the men folks'll start for it to put it out. Then the barns, to call away the rest, and we kin work the house quick and get to the woods and over the hills as safe as so many foxes."

So they could, indeed, if no mishap came in to interfere. The house folks must be in bed now.

A match, some kindlings and bits of wood, on the opposite side of the saw-mill from the house—nothing easier than to start a fire.

"Now, boys, for the big barns. We kin wait there till this 'un's well a going."

They made a run for it, but the only reason they were not more closely pursued or even fired upon, was that Gilbert Morse deemed it his duty to stop and scatter the growing blaze behind the saw-mill. It was not hard to do, although the fire was beginning to come up very well when the desperadoes left it. The brands could all be kicked into the snow, and there was not a trace of it in three minutes after he got there.

But those three minutes!

The big barn was better than either of the small ones, because farther from the house and more easy of entrance. It contained no horses and was not even locked.

The three tramps were inside quickly enough, and the big one climbed one of the high mows.

"Better light it up here," he said to his friends below. "They can't get at it to put it out. Say wisp. In the saw-mill, well a-going."

"Can't say exactly," growled one of the smaller ruffians, peering through the door. "And there's a lot o' rubbish across the road."

"Here goes, then," exclaimed the leader, as he flung up a wisp of hay and scattered it under. "Now, boys, I'm coming. Make for the shed. We'll work it."

A simple thing is a hay-mow, and no certain footing in the dark. Instead of coming down as he went up, the big tramp found himself sliding, sliding helplessly into that twenty-foot gulf between the two mows.

In vain he grasped at the dry timothy and clover; he did but scatter his lighted wisp among the tinder-like masses he pulled down with him in his fall.

Down in a half-stunned heap, with a vast pile of kindling lay on top of him, to choke and stifle him with its smoke as he limped about in the suffocating darkness, and vainly groped for a way of escape.

Bang, bang!

One of the smaller tramps went down amid a storm of leaden pellets, but the other reached the shed just as the door of the house swung open, and the two mastiffs bounded out to see what he might be doing there.

Squire Van Vleeck and his "hands," old and young, were out in the shortest order, and the female part of the house were not far behind them; but it was too late to save the big barn, whatever might be done for the others.

Well for the squire's pocket that he had built them some distance apart.

As for Gilbert Morse, he was calmly reloading his duck-gun when the squire discovered his presence.

"I'm going in a minute," he remarked coolly. "Don't be in a hurry. I've put out the fire at the saw-mill, and I think I popped that fellow lying there by the shed. If I'd been a little quicker, I might have saved the barn."

"So you've been out here this winter night lookin' out for my property, hev ye?" said the half-bewildered squire. "The barn's gone, and no mistake; but we kin save the others."

The old squire was just the man to be steadied by an actual calamity; but, while his "hands" were doing what little could be done in the way of a fire department, he strode straight for the two tramps.

The one who had been in the way of the buck-shot would never answer any more questions, but the one the dogs were holding down gave some information.

"Where's the man that attacked my daughter this afternoon?" asked the squire, sternly.

"In the barn," replied the tramp.

"But the barn's burning up," said the squire.

"So is he," doggedly returned the ruffian, "and served him right, for getting into such a scrape as this."

Some profanity there was; but the dogs were taken off, and the man was tied up.

"Oh, Gil, come into the house," were the pleasant words that came to the young man's ears as he stood looking at the tramp he had shot.

"Not till your father asks me," was the half-haughty response.

"Don't be a fool, Gil Morse, just because I am," growled the old man. "Do as Milly tells ye, now and hereafter. Go right in. We'll take care of things for ye for a while; but I reckon it'll be all your'n one of these days."

And so Gilbert Morse did not go back to the hostelry that night; and when, a few months later, at the trial of the captured tramp, he was asked, "are you in any manner connected with Squire Van Vleeck?" he manfully responded:

"He is my father-in-law."

But nothing more was seen of the big tramp, not a relic of him, until they rebuilt the great barn the following spring.

After Seven Years.

BY CHARLES READ.

"BUT——"

"But what?" snapped old Colonel William, who never in his life allowed himself to be contradicted.

"My daughter is so young, and your grandson not much older," faltered little Mrs. Dorn, who was very much afraid of her own and her daughter's benefactor.

"But with my consent—mind and yours—the marriage will be legal, which is all that is necessary," answered the colonel, scowling uneasily on his grandson, but he was very ill, poor old man, and certain not to be any better.

But he had set his mind on this marriage between his only grandson and the daughter of his old friend and companion, whom he had rescued from poverty and bountifully befriended. And a brief strength seemed given to him to see his wishes carried into execution.

He demanded that the ceremony should take place in his chamber, since he could not leave it.

And then, and not till then, would he make his will.

So, warned by the physician, they were forced to consent to these very extraordinary measures.

Extraordinary: for Not Dorn was a child of fifteen, and Fane William, who had just come up from his grandfather's country-seat with his tutor, was but three years older—a dark boy, with brusque manners, a handsome face and long arms and legs, which he did not know what to do with.

He was proud and sensitive, inwardly resenting the loss of ease and isolation of which he was all "books, books, books," as he said, while Miss Dorn's little daughter, thoughtless, boyish, and petted by her idolizing mother, was not likely to bother matters so far as his happiness was concerned.

They had known each other but a week, but Not was careless, Fane indifferent.

Perhaps, therefore, it was strange that neither of the people objected to the union, but the colonel's will must be done so long as he lived, that perhaps they did not look to see.

Mrs. Dorn explained to her daughter that the marriage would change nothing at present in her life, and that young William was already booked for his Continental trip.

So one morning the wedding party arranged itself within range of the colonel's fading eyes, and the marriage quietly took place.

The strongest impression on Not's mind was that for the first time in her life she was obliged to wear a long dress; and Fane, with a rather sullen glance at the saney, piquant face of his girl-wife took his departure within an hour, privately confiding to his tutor the assurance that he "didn't like that girl, and never should live with her."

"Tut, tut!" said the elder man, gravely. "She may make you very happy yet."

But the lad turned on his heel, and flung himself almost rudely out of the room.

* * * * * *

Seven years went by.

Fane William was no longer a boy.

Travel and social life with distant relatives whom he found at road—his mother's family connections, who had never been popular with his paternal grandfather—had done much for him.

He had a native good sense and quality of pride which decided him to be a gentleman, even under somewhat forbidding circumstances, and at twenty-five he had not made of his homeless, loveless life a failure.

He was perfectly courteous, very graceful and handsome, and, if reserved, was perhaps not less interesting to his friends on that account.

With his great-aunt and cousins he was a special favorite.

He was up the Nile when news of his grandfather's death reached him.

It was the old man's wish that he should stay abroad for five or six years longer.

The family passion for travel and change should be fully gratified before the heir of his vast possessions should return to settle at home.

And his wife?

Fane cannot be said to have given a thought to her in all that time.

He remembered his marriage only incidentally, as it precluded too close observation of an occasional pretty face.

He was honor himself, and never dreamed of showing false colors.

The Nugents with whom he spent much of his time, were aware of the fact of his marriage.

He never referred to it, and they only among themselves.

"It seems a great pity," Mrs. Nugent would say; "he appears so perfectly indifferent to the young lady; and my heart yearns over the motherless boy."

She contented herself, or being very kind to her boy, as it might have been observed, all of forty times more.

For he was something peculiarly winning in the young man's deference for good women, old enough to be his mother.

He seemed involuntarily addressed young ones.

He had spent most of the last year in Paris; but, making the acquaintance of a certain French physician, named Hugo, he went with him on a vacation trip to Villefranche—a bright, neat, little river town—which place of resort soon became a favorite with him, and though he repeatedly visited Paris, he spent most of the season at Villefranche.

He strolled and fished, and sought natural specimens with his friend in this rural district, just as contentedly as he had visited art salons in Paris, and collected *bric-a-brac* in Rome.

On he strolled alone, along the edge of the stream, with a quick eye for shifting lights and rich green glooms beloved of artists, making the solitude sweet with the notes of a little flageolet.

But one day the mellow notes of the flageolet seemed echoed by a cry—a call of distress!

Fane paused under a wild apple-tree and listened.

"Hallon—hallon!"

Yes, certainly he was hailed in very good English, by a gentleman down the river bank, who gesticulated to him to approach.

Obeying the summons with involuntary concern, Fane found his apprehensions realized.

There was an accident—a lady lying with an ashen face and sprained ankle upon the soft emerald grass.

"A thousand pardons! but my daughter's fainting-fit is so deep, I dared not leave her to go for assistance," said the stranger, who was a fine-appearing, professional-looking man of about fifty. "I am afraid her ankle is broken. She slipped on this stone. Perhaps you would kindly assist me to get her up to the hotel. I can make a litter in a few moments of these young boughs. Dear, dear! if you would dip a little water in this cup and bathe her forehead, it might assist in her resuscitation... Jeannette!"

But with admirable capability and energy, the stranger whipped out a pocket-knife and cut a few light, strong branches, placing them skillfully in the form of a litter, showing him to be what he was—a man of unfailing resources.

Fane knelt down by the young lady with a cup.

She was a pretty, fair-haired creature, apparently in her twenties.

What ailed his hand that it trembled so as he touched the delicate temples, and sunny, silken waves that fell all over the white forehead?

How sweet she was in her and extremity, this fair, slight stranger!

His eager eyes took in the contour of the lovely cheek, the pallor of the small mouth, the helpless falling of the little white ungloved hands, never to forget, sleeping or waking, one item.

"She is stirring a little. I—think she is coming to," he said, in an agitated voice.

She caught a painful breath and sat up, and the two men lifted her carefully to her feet.

But with a cry of anguish she shrank back.

"Oh, papa, my ankle! I am sure it is broken!"

"Poor child! But, Jean, you must be brave. We will hurt you as little as possible, but you must be placed on this litter, good girl!" For no sigh or groan escaped her as they lifted her again, though the hair flew back more easily than before. "Try to be patient: we will be careful. It is but a short way by the path through the woods," he said to Fane.

The girl seemed utterly unconscious of the latter; indeed, he could see that the endurance of her suffering utterly absorbed her, and his heart bled at the involuntary little moans which broke from her white lips from time to time.

At length they reached the hotel, and the Rodwalds' rooms being, fortunately, on the first floor, the young lady was easily deposited upon a lounge, and a doctor sent for.

Professor Rodwald expressed his thanks to Fane, and the latter withdrew to pass the first sleepless night of his life.

He learned on the following morning that the young lady's ankle was broken, but had been skillfully set, and after a few days she was carried in her father's arms to a carriage for a daily drive.

Dr. Hugo, as well as Fane, soon joined these daily drives, and such was the girl's elastic health and vivacity, that the bandaged ankle was really little drawback upon the enjoyment: only she could not walk, but must sit in the carriage, while the others investigated the flora of the locality, or secured mineral specimens.

But the loveliest flowers were always brought to her, and Fane, at least, was never far from the carriage.

She was very frank and sweet with him, seeming to enjoy his society, chatting vivaciously, yet seldom spoke of any but her immediate surroundings, and Fane, at least, was glad there was enough in Villefranche to talk of without referring to the past.

That past made him wretched.

The marriage to which he had once been indifferent he now hated.

The insignificant little school-girl to whom he had been united—he could find it in his heart to wish her dead.

But ill news travel fast, she had not died, or he would have been speedily informed.

But with this bitter was the sweet of day after day with Jean Rodwald.

Observing that Fane was in his daughter's favor, the professor who was wrapped up in science, often paused in his discussions with Dr. Hugo, only to ask of Fane special attendance upon her.

"Will you hand Jean those roses?" or, "Will you wrap this shawl about my daughter?"

These and similar requests at last ended in—

"May I ask you the favor to carry Miss Rodwald to the carriage? My afflicted hand is such an inconvenience."

Dear, good, short-sighted man!

Poor Fane! he had vowed he would not speak.

How could he?

But one day, when he had carried this double load upon his heart into the little sitting-room, bright with flowers, and the girl's vapory wraps left back upon the lounge about her lovely face, he sat down desperately in a chair beside her, and taking her slight hand, told her all.

"I do not expect that you love me as I love you," he said, in conclusion. "You need not give yourself the pain of refusing me, for my marriage is a fixed fact. That I never loved the girl never shall—alters nothing. But if I were free—oh, Jean, I believe I could make you love me."

Her smile was tremulous.

"Even if you were free," she said after a moment, "there is yet another obstruction. I, too, was married very young, and my husband is still living."

He started as if stabbed, but evidently nothing could deepen his pain.

Her next movement surprised him.

"Would you like to see my wedding-ring?" she asked.

He most unwillingly took the circlet she extended—a diamond quality set, an heirloom of the Williams—and recognized it.

"Your wedding-ring?" he faltered.

"Yours and mine. Fane, have I changed so much that you love me?"

In a moment of rapture, he knew his wife.

"You never did, never shall, love that girl," you said; but I have your word to the contrary," she cried, in his arms. "Not was a horrid little name! My stepfather (who, by the way, never knew of my marriage and always calls me Miss Rodwald) never called me by it, but gave me the whole of my patronymic, or shortened it to Jean. My mother married soon after grandfather died, you see, and will be pleased to see you in Paris, whither we return next week. Oh, Fane, to think that after all we are happy!

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Our Young Folks.

THE FAIRY SHOES.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in an obscure village, an old couple, who had an only son named Jack. He was a good lad, as honest as the day, and his parents believed he was the best and cleverest boy in the world, and Jack himself was pretty much of the same opinion. Whatever he did, he went straight at it with a will, and never rested till he had finished.

His father was a cobbler, and made and mended sturdy wooden clogs for the whole village, and Jack did the same; but he could make them faster than his father, and thicker and stronger too.

Now it happened that when Jack was about sixteen years old, he had one night a very strange dream. He thought that as he lay in bed, a little old man, in a leathern apron, and with a scarlet shoe in his hand, which he was mending with scarlet thread, came in and stood at his bedside. Jack could see him quite plain in the moonlight.

"Up, up, lazy bind," he cried, in a little shrill, cracked voice. "Why do you lie there dreaming, with all the world before you where to choose. Out, out with you, into the wide world to seek your fortune.' Then the little old man vanished, and Jack awoke, and knew it was true, for there was the moonlight as bright as could be, and shining exactly as he had seen it in his dream. So Jack lay awake and pondered till the sun rose, when he rose too, and went into the kitchen, and ate his breakfast that his mother had prepared for him. When he had done, he stuck the spoon upright in the porridge bowl, and said, "Father and mother, give me your blessing, for I'm going out in the wide world to seek my fortune."

Then his mother shed tears, and begged him to think better of it.

"You will catch your death of cold, or get eaten up by wild beasts, or carried off by robbers, if you go away from home, I know," she sobbed. "The world's a hard and wicked place, and not a bit like home;" but the father said, "Faith, Jack, and what you seek you're sure to find, for there's nothing you can't do, if you give your mind to it. Go then, my son, and good luck go with you." So his father blessed him, but his mother gave him a kiss, and half a new cheese, a loaf of bread and a flask of wine, tied up in a red pocket-handkerchief. "Though you've made a good breakfast, you will be hungry again before the day's over," she said, sagely.

The world looked clean and fresh beneath the early summer sunshine, as Jack set forth in it to seek his fortune. The fields were still hoary with dew, the young leaves rustled in the fresh morning breeze, the thrushes piped, and the skylarks sprang singing aloft, and Jack whistled to keep them company. He had not gone far along the high road, when he met an old man. His nose and chin nearly met, and his jaws were pressed together like a pair of nutcrackers. He was whimpering and wiping his bleared eyes with a corner of his blue smock-frock.

"What is the matter, Gaffer?" said Jack, stopping beside him.

"Matter," said the poor old man. "Matter enough. I haven't a single tooth left in my poor old head, and my cross old Gaffmer has given me nothing but a dry crust for breakfast, which is so hard that I might as well try to eat a stone."

"Cheer up," said Jack; "I've got the very thing here to suit you," and he opened his bundle, and took out the cheese. "There," he said, "you'll find that soft enough, I know, for my own mother made it only three days ago." The old man dried his eyes and thanked him, and Jack said, "You're welcome," and went on his way. He had not gone very much further before he met a little thin, ragged, barefoot child, who was crying and sobbing piteously.

"What is the matter, little one?" asked Jack.

"Oh dear, oh dear, I'm so hungry," sobbed the child; "I've had no breakfast, and my six brothers and sisters have had none either, and we're all starving together."

"A loaf of bread is what you want," said Jack, sagaciously, "and here it is for you." And the little girl laughed, and clapped her hands with joy, and bobbed Jack a curtsy, and ran off with it delightedly.

And now he had only the wine left. "It isn't much," he thought to himself, "but wine is useful in case of illness, and perhaps I may meet with someone who needs it." And presently he did, for he had not gone many yards further before he came upon an old woman sitting on the ground and panting, because she was so old and weak, that she had not strength even to carry her little bundle of sticks to her cottage close at hand.

"Support is what you want," said Jack. So he held his flask of wine to her lips, and she tilted back her head till every drop and grain down her poor, dry, old throat. Then she felt so much revived, and so perked up her faggot quite briskly, that Jack took it from her, and said, "It is for young backs to bear the burdens." So he carried it to the cottage for her, and lit the fire, and set the kettle on to boil before he left her. And now he had nothing left. "All the better," said he to himself, "that bundle was heavy, and rather in my way, too." So he tied the handkerchief round his neck, and put his hands in his empty pockets, and went on his way, whistling more cheerily than ever. Presently he came to a place where the road branched off into three different ways. Those to his right and left were equally good, broad, high roads, but the middle one was a mere grassy path, and moreover, it went rather uphill. "No matter," said Jack, "I've always gone straight, and I'll go straight on." So he looked neither to the right nor left, but marched straight on. The path gradually got narrower and narrower, till at last it dwindled away altogether, and he stood at the foot of a steep rocky hill with no sign of a road up it at all. It was as steep as the side of a house. "How in the world am I to get up there," thought Jack, as he looked up at it.

"No occasion at all, Jack," cried a little shrill, cracked voice, "your way lies *through* it." Jack looked down, and there at his feet, standing in front of a rabbit-hole, was the queer, little old man, in the leathern apron he had seen in his dream.

Jack knew his manners. "Servant, sir," he said; and pulled the lock of hair, which grew conveniently for that purpose, down into his eyes. The little old man made a splendid bow in return.

"Walk in Jack!" he said, waving his right hand towards the rabbit-hole.

"After you, sir," said Jack, who was nothing if he wasn't polite.

So the little old man led the way; and Jack, who found to his astonishment that he had suddenly dwindled to about ten inches high, followed down the rabbit-hole. It twisted about a good deal, but at last they came out into an open space, which Jack presently saw was a long low room. It was rather dark, though there were at least six glow-worms there doing duty for lamps. When Jack's eyes became more accustomed to the strange light, he saw that the room was fitted up as a cobbler's shop; and was full of shoes of all colors, shapes, and sizes. Two more little men, who looked like twin brothers of Jack's friend, sat at work, each at a pair of shoes. When they saw Jack, they jumped up and clapped their hands, and danced about like mad, cracking their finger-joints like pistol shots, and uttering shrill cries, not unlike the Highland Houlachan.

"Jack," said his guide, making another magnificent bow, "this is the fairy's shoe shop. We are very full of work just now, as you may see, and are in sad want of an apprentice. If you will bind yourself to serve us faithfully for three days, we will give you good wages, and I hope you can mend your fortune."

"Very good," said Jack. "I'm ready for aught that comes in my way; and what I do, I do with a will. Servant, sir," and he pulled his forelock again.

"There's a wise fellow, Jack," cried the little man. "Brothers, lay the supper," and the four little men put down their tools, cleared the table in a trice, and set thereon bread, cheese, a loaf of bread, and a flask of wine. "Come to supper, Jack," said the little man courtly, and Jack, nothing loth, sat down. At the first sip of wine he took, his cheeks and lips became as red as cherries; and the first mouthful of cheese turned his hair bright gold, and made it curl all over his head like corkscrews; while no sooner had a crumb of bread touched his lips, than his skin became as white as milk, and he grew so handsome, straight, and strong, that it quite dazzled one to look at him. Only his sunny smile remained unchanged, as it was impossible to improve that; and his mother would have known him again by it anywhere. The three little men looked at each other significantly, "Good actions never remain unrewarded," they said with one voice; but as Jack did not see the point of the remark, he made no answer, and calmly went on eating his supper. As there was no looking-glass in the fairy's shoe shop, he never got to be aware of the improvement in his appearance, and remained quite unconscious of it.

The three days of his servitude that followed seemed to Jack as if they never would be over, and no wonder, for they were in reality three years; and the fairy cobblers made him work so hard that he had never a moment to rest, and there was no end to the queer little shoes of all sorts of fantastic shapes, colors, and materials, that he had to make for them. But he worked with a will, and at length the morning of the fourth day came, and the first little cobbler, who was the eldest of the three, and always took the lead, told Jack that he had served his time, and was at liberty to go forth again into the world to seek his fortune. "And here are your wages," said he; and he gave Jack a pair of tiny red shoes. They were so small that Jack could hardly see them, and the cobbler held a long pointed stick for him up into the air. "They are fairy shoes," said the little man; "I made them myself, and they will never wear out. Moreover, whoever wears them will have the dearest wish of his heart granted."

"I thank your honor," said Jack, in duty bound; but he thought to himself, "I may walk the wide world through before I find anybody able to put on those shoes."

"The world is a big place, Jack," said the fairy cobbler.

"Very true, sir," replied Jack.

"And there are people in it of all sorts and sizes," he continued, looking at Jack rather severely.

"Yes, your honor," said Jack; and he blushed, for he felt that the fairy had read his thoughts and disapproved of them.

"Ah, well!" said the little man, "you'll know the world better some day, Jack," and he smiled kindly, and led him through a dark passage on the opposite side of the room to that by which they had entered, and which brought them out on the other side of the hill. "Farewell, Jack," cried the little cobbler, "your road lies before you."

"Straight forward, sir?" answered Jack; and marched down hill. When he got to the bottom he found himself in a wide road leading straight to the heart of a great city which lay before him sparkling in the beams of the morning sun. A broad river wound through it like a silver ribbon, and a large golden palace stood in the midst of it.

Many people were hurrying along this road (which skirted the bottom of the hill, and led thence into the open country) to and from the city. Jack stopped a man going forward, and pointing to the shining palace, he asked who lived there.

"Why the king, of course," replied the traveller, staring. "You must be daft, man, not to know that."

"I'm a stranger in these parts," answered Jack. "And who lives with the king?" he continued.

"Why the queen, to be sure, and the princess," said the man.

"Oh! the princess lives there, too, does she," said Jack. "And is she young and pretty?"

"Young enough," said the traveller, "but as to being pretty, why that's as people think. She's too little for my taste. I like people that you can see; but I suppose if you're a princess it doesn't matter being invisible."

"And so she's invisible, is she?" said Jack.

"Well, no; not for people with good eyes," replied the man; "but she's so small that most men would have to take a magnifying glass to see her, and she has such tiny feet that there's not a shoemaker in the whole kingdom that can make a pair of shoes small enough for her to wear. And she's so unhappy at going barefoot, like any common beggar child, that she cries about it night and day, till she's almost worn herself away to a shadow, and it makes the king so miserable and uncomfortable, that he has issued a proclamation throughout the kingdom, that whoever can make the princess a pair of shoes that she can keep on her feet, shall be rewarded with her hand in marriage."

"Dear me," said Jack; and he thought to himself "I do believe my fairy shoes will come in useful after all. Well, all's well that ends well. And my road lies still straight forward," so he bade the stranger "good morrow," and marched on into the city.

Arrived at the palace he went straight to the front door and rang the bell.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" said the porter who opened it. (For Jack still wore on by his country jerkin and his tender shoes, and though he himself looked every inch a king, his clothes were of an extremely rustic cut and material.)

"Who are you?" repeated the porter, in scorn.

"I'm a shoemaker, and I want to see the king," replied Jack, in his straightforward way.

"Pooh," said the porter.

"Did you say '*shoe*,' sir?" asked Jack, politely.

"I said 'pooh,'" said the man angrily, and shut the door in his face.

Jack rang again a second and a third peal, and each time louder, until at length the king became annoyed, and sent the prime minister to ask "What all the noise was about, and why on earth they didn't answer the front door bell?" The king happened to be a little put out that morning. the princess had done nothing but cry ever since she got up. It is extremely worrying to have a daughter who is incessantly shedding tears, and would try the patience of any man, let alone the king.

Presently the prime minister came back. "Please, your majesty," said he, "the porter says it is an impudent country lad, who says he is a shoemaker, and that he won't go away until he has seen the king."

At the word "shoemaker," the princess (who was present) pricked up her ears, and stopped crying to listen.

"Anything for a quiet life," said the king. "Show him up."

When Jack was accordingly ushered into the presence-chamber, he could not at first see the royal personages for the little cloud of steam that surrounded them. This was the mist from the princess's tears, which flowing uninterruptingly, enveloped all around her in a continuous atmosphere of artificial fog.

"Come hither, good fellow," said the king, and Jack, obeying, presently saw in the midst of the fog the king and queen seated on large comfortable thrones, and the princess, holding a pocket handkerchief three times as big as herself, reclining on a blue satin cushion at their feet. She was not so very small after all, and was rather pretty, though her expression was very woe-begone, and she looked altogether damp and shadowy. Jack glanced approvingly at her little white feet, and thought to himself that his shoes would be a very good fit.

"I hear that you are a shoemaker," said the king, encouragingly. "I suppose that you could not by any chance make a pair of shoes small enough to fit the princess here?"

The poor little barefoot princess (for it was no use her wearing stockings, they wore out so fast that the servants had to be always darning them, and besides, they got wet through directly with her tears, so she left them off and preferred going barefoot) looked wistfully at Jack, but she had stopped crying for a wonder, and only her under lip trembled.

"Can you make a pair of shoes small enough for the princess?" repeated the king.

"Yes," cried Jack, in a great voice, "and what's more, here they are." And he whipped the fairy shoes out of his pocket, and had them on the princess's feet in the twinkling of an eye. They fitted to perfection. "Hurrah!" cried the king, and threw his crown up to the ceiling in his delight. The queen clapped her hands, and the princess laughed so sweetly and merrily that it did one's heart good to hear her.

"They are fairy shoes," explained Jack, "and will never wear out; and moreover, whoever possesses them will have the dearest wish of their heart granted."

And in an instant the princess became in appearance exactly like other people, fairly tall, and fat enough to be comfortable-looking, without being at all clumsy. Jack was not quite sure whether he considered it an improvement or not, as he had thought her perfect before.

"My lord," said the king, turning with deep solemnity to the prime minister, "send for the archbishop and the chief cook, and we will have the wedding instantly. What is your name, my dear boy?" he continued, turning to Jack.

"My name's Jack, please your majesty."

"My lords," went on the king, turning gravely to all the lords in waiting, "let me present to you Prince Jack, my son-in-law that is to be."

And the lords in waiting all bowed low before him and said: "I hope I see your royal highness well."

"Perfectly so, I thank you," replied Jack, with quite a regal air.

When the archbishop and the cook appeared, the king said to the first: "Archbishop, marry these young people instantly, if you please;" and to the cook he said: "The wedding breakfast must be ready immediately after the ceremony, and mind there is plenty of cake."

The chief cook would like to have pleaded for a little more time, but he dare not; however, he comforted himself by thinking that he could get the cake and most of the other things from the confectioner's shop in the town.

"And now, my dear Jack," said the king, "is there anybody you would like invited to the breakfast, for I fear it is too late to ask more guests to the wedding now?"

"Yes, if you please," said Jack, "I should like my father and mother to be asked, for there is nothing they enjoy more than a good meal."

The king coughed slightly, "Ahem," for at that moment he caught the queen's eye rather glaring at him, so he turned on the prime minister, "Send an express for Mr. and Mrs.—ahem—Jack, instantly," he said with severity, and off went the prime minister on his mission. When he returned with the old couple, Jack and the princess were married, but they were in excellent time for the breakfast and it went off swimmingly. His parents were overjoyed to see their dear Jack again, and highly delighted at his good fortune, though, indeed, if he had been made a king instead of a prince, they would not have been surprised. At first the old woman felt rather shy and uncomfortable among so much smart company, and the old cobbler was rather silent; they were both a little bewildered by the whole thing, and the speed the express had brought them, but the king created them Duke and Duchess of Pumpenhausen on the spot, and they soon became quite merry and talkative.

The scene was a very gay one. Jack, in a velvet suit lent him by the prime minister's eldest son, and which fitted as if it had been made for him, was the admired of all beholders. The bridesmaids looked very pretty, and so very little, and the archbishop and prime minister had an argument, and grew very angry, because neither would be convinced or give in. After the wedding there was a grand ball, at which the princess danced a reel with Jack, in so spirited a manner, that her grace, vivacity and new shoes, were the admiration of the whole court. Nevertheless, to tell you a secret, it must be owned that these new shoes were, after all, just the least little bit in the world too tight. The princess would hardly admit it, even to herself, but the fact remains, and even in a fairy tale the truth must be told. When one has gone barefoot all one's life, all the fairies in fairyland could not make a pair of shoes that would not pinch a little just at first, perhaps.

CHINESE WRITING.—Chinese penmanship and the art of composition are inseparable, and the man who can put his thoughts in choice language and a perspicuous arrangement is also able to adorn the same with elegant characters.

In China the learned man uses a kind of running hand in drawing his draft lest the current of his reflections may not be impeded. After a draft has been read and revised, he takes a fresh pencil and writes it out in fair characters, that the penmanship, learning, and skill in the arrangement of words may all combine to give value and beauty to his production.

The Japanese, who imitate the Chinese in many things, and in past times drew all their literature from them, set a great value upon rapidity and grace in the use of the pencil. Their characters have the nature of an alphabet, but they were derived from Chinese symbols, and so are susceptible of the same kind of finished execution. Their running hand is a perplexity of flourish, and so difficult to read, from the great freedom with which it is executed, that a native has frequently to pore over it for a long time before he can follow the sense.

All literary men, both in Japan and China, can write a good hand; and even those who have acquired only the first principles of the art are adepts in the use of the pencil.

MOTHERS should remember, in the absence of their physician, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral promptly relieves the croup.

FEED THE BIRDS!

BY HORACE LENNARD.

When there's ice upon the river,
And the barren branches quiver,
And we gather in the parlor, where the fire burns bright and warm,
When our merry, merry laughter
Rings through every beam and rafter,
Oh! shall we leave the little birds to perish in the storm?

When the year was in its playtime,
In the green and flow'ry Maytime,
The song of lark and linnet filled the heart of man with mirth;
And our eyes with rapture glistened,
When in morning hours we listened
To the chord of Spring'tide melody vibrating through the earth.

So let us now remember,
In the days of drear December,
When the pleas of Mistress Charity are heard on every side,
For the beggar small in feathers,
Who is gay in roughest weathers,
The poorest from his table can a daily meal provide.

While the little wrens and sparrows
Will be hit by Winter's arrows,
So do not let our pity end in sentimental words:
Let our care its fruit be showing,
Every morning crumbs be throwing,
And lovingly make answer to the message, "Feed the birds!"

A BURIED CITY.

THINK of it, indeed! Who can see Pompeii, this city buried under an ocean of fiery ashes, and say truly what he thinks of it? And who, with any sense in him, can entertain reflection on a matter such as this, amid the hubbub of a dinner party? I wonder how Childe Harold, after rolling forth his rhymes upon "the Niobe of nations," contrived to answer certain young ladies, what he thought of Italy and Rome? I fancy one of my first thoughts, after passing through the gateway, was that the museum was befittingly well placed. Being just within the entrance to the city, it forms a sort of prelude to the march one has to make. The sight of those black bodies, of nature's own embalming, lying there as they lay living, and alive were slowly buried eighteen centuries ago, may set the mind a-thinking ere yet a step is set upon the silent streets. Here they lie just as they died, uncoffined and unshrouded, choked suddenly to death. This seems clear from their positions, for their faces are turned downward, and the arms are folded under them, as though to keep a little breathing space, while the stifling shower of ashes was fast suffocating all who came within the fatal reach. There are here seen but two exceptions: a woman who was found with upturned face, and a dog that was discovered lying on its side, with open, gaping jaws, and limbs distorted and convulsed. If a man have a heart more human than the one which is contained within a cabbage, he may hardly see unmoved such sights as these. Nor can one fail to feel interest, as one glances at the articles of ancient use or ornament discovered near the bodies which have been lately unearthed. Pots and pans, hammers and nails, needles and pins, scissors and knives, pincers and saws, brushes and combs, bracelets and rings; here are all the usual goods and chattels of a household, as profuse in their variety as in any common, modern auction catalogue of sale. Here are instruments of surgery which showed that old practitioners were skilled in their profession; and implements of cookery, of highly appetizing structure and most artistic shape. I noticed especially a sieve, or perforated copper vessel, doubtless used for making forcemeat and other dainty dishes, and I observed that all the holes were drilled to form a strictly symmetrical design. In another, the pattern of a peacock was displayed, possibly to gratify the taste of some classical esthete. Indeed, the whole Pompeiian household seemed pervaded by high art; from the frescoes in the bedrooms to the crockery in the kitchens, and the statues in the hall. Nor was art adapted only to the use of the rich. Even the butcher used a steelyard with a handsome head of bronze to serve by way of weight, and the vintner poured his wine into a drinking cup adorned with a bas-relief of Bacchus. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun. The bread baked yesterday at Naples is of precisely the same shape as the loaves found at Pompeii, which were put into the oven near two thousand years ago. The coinage of that period differs little from our own, except that it surpasses ours in quality of workmanship. A gaming table then was furnished with a pair of dice, and a lady's toilette table with a mirror and a rouge pot. Small boys scribbled on the walls, and played with balls, and knuckle bones, and whipping tops, and marbles in the streets of old Pompeii, as they do in the streets of modern New York or Philadelphia. The printing press had not been invented, it is true, and newspapers were wanting for the purpose of advertisement. But electors were appealed to very much as they are now, as is proved by many mural inscriptions in the place. By these they are adjured to "Vote for Blobbius, the True Friend of the People," or to go and hear Bugginsius, the famous platform orator, who was noted for his pluck in pitching into the patricians. Excepting books and newspapers, whose presence some may fancy a not wholly unmixed blessing, there are traces at Pompeii of all sorts of Philadelphia store things, and ways and means of living. There even are the pass checks which are current at the theatre, where the people were assembled at the time of the eruption, and the figs and other fruit which were prepared for their refreshment on that fatal afternoon. S. W.

Grains of Gold.

Crosses are ladders to heaven.

Love is the poem of the universe.

The aids to noble life are all within.

A wise head hath a close mouth to it.

It is infamy to die and not be missed.

A wise lawyer never goes to law himself.

Bad customs are better broke than kept up.

A word and a stone let go cannot be called back.

Bare-footed men must not go among thorns.

It is a beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.

Refuse not to be informed, for that shows pride or stupidity.

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance.

If thy hand be in a lion's mouth, get it out as fast as thou canst.

The usual form of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.

Believe only half what you hear of a man's wealth and goodness.

Content is the philosopher's stone that turns all it touches into gold.

Never say anything in haste, for a word once spoken cannot be recalled.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

Words should never be spoken too fast; they never result in anything good.

If some men died, and others did not, death would, indeed, be a most mortifying evil.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to deny the offices of humanity.

Impoliteness is derived from two sources—indifference to the divine, and contempt for the human.

Those who go to law are the birds, the court the field, the judge the net, and the lawyers the fowlers.

Every man should examine his own genius, and advise with himself what is proper to apply himself to.

In giving, a man receives more than he gives, and the more in proportion to the worth of the thing given.

Riches are less wealth than is learning, for wisdom cannot be stolen or lost; it is, therefore, thy best friend.

That only can with propriety be styled refinement which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners.

The fruit of liberal education is not learning, but the capacity and desire to learn; not knowledge, but power.

A man with a quick temper will show his character by his words, wherever he is. He will be disliked by his fellow men.

Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however slender his purse.

May we consider each night of the departing day, and seriously leaning over it, read the inscription written by conscience, of its character and exit.

Temperance in pleasure is essentially necessary to be observed, particularly by youth, that they may beware of that rock on which thousands continually split.

Nothing so cements and holds together in unison all the parts of society as faith or credit, which can never be kept up unless men are under force or necessity of honest paying what they owe to one another.

There is no more striking example of the desire for wealth than the natural and wholesome wish for the necessities and comforts of life, and the power of creating happiness for self and others. It is often pursued, however, with such devotion and eagerness, that at length it crowds out the other desires of life, and even swallows up the very ends for which it was first maintained.

Femininities.

Georgia contains only one female editor, it is stated.

Mexican chamber "maids" are always Indian boys."

Princess Beatrice, of England, is a victim of rheumatism.

Forty-eight women hold positions as bank cashiers in Dakota.

Custom compels an Icelander in his native island to kiss every woman he meets.

The University of Heidelberg lately refused $10,000 on condition that it should admit women.

Crazy quilts have had their day. The proper caper now is a "slumber rug," whatever that may be.

The beauty of the girls and the frequency of their falls are said to determine the popularity of skating-rinks.

During the cholera epidemic in Paris, the number of deaths among married and unmarried men were 402 and 295 respectively.

Sacramento papers note a case in which a woman recently secured her fourth divorce from a man who was her seventh husband.

If girls would have roses for their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies, and get up with the morning-glories.

Brides on the island of Sicily are compelled to have their eyebrows shaved off immediately before the wedding ceremony takes place.

At the baptismal font: Minister—"What is the name?" Sponsor—"Marion Crawford Smith." Minister (in a whisper)—"Er—boy or girl?"

The Queen of Holland walks daily on the public streets. She dresses in sombre garments, and is accompanied by only one attendant—and that a lady.

An absent-minded husband telegraphed to his wife: "I send you a kiss." He received the reply: "Spruce young man called and delivered the kiss in good order."

Ladies of the English aristocracy are engaged in a fur craze, and encase themselves in that material from head to foot, looking as if they had just walked home from Russia.

A Mormon elder had the following in a recent number: "The unknown woman who was killed at this place about three months ago by the cars, proves to be one of the wives of the editor of this paper."

The employment of women for clerical work was authorized a month or so ago by the Georgia Legislature, and the work done by them thus far, experts say, has been fifty per cent. better than when done by men.

Reporters are often unconsciously satirical. A morning paper says in an obituary: "Mr. Jones was an estimable citizen. He lived sprightly; he died with perfect resignation. He had been recently married."

One of the most conspicuous cases of juvenile vanity of recent date was that of a twelve-year-old Connecticut girl, who tried to commit suicide because her mother refused to permit her to wear a new cloak to church.

"I would give a thousand dollars for those pearly teeth," sighed George to lovely Imogene the other night. "What a pity," said she, sotto voce, "that he is to be my husband. It would have been pure clear profit."

"I never saw such a woman in all my life," said Bass; "you are never satisfied with anything." "People who knew the man I took for a husband," replied Mrs. B., "think, on the contrary, that I am very easily satisfied."

The female jury feature of Wyoming Territory's system is a success in more ways than one. Two of the members of a recent jury after convicting a faro dealer, went and got married. They had met for the first time in the jury box.

A French writer quotes this saying, which was once addressed to her. "When you wish to appear beautiful and attractive, consult your best lady friend, show her all your dresses, ask her to select the one you should wear, and then choose another."

A novel form of entertainment has been for some time in vogue in Paris—namely, *diners en fete* (dread-dinners.) At these dinners—and the rule has been sometimes extended to dances—all the guests are bound to appear with their heads attired in some fancy costume.

A woman in Boston became so interested in a poetical calendar for the new year, that she has torn off all the leaves to read the sentiments expressed thereon. That of December 31, 1885, has the proverb, quite appropriate in her case: "Haste makes waste."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Bertha: "the idea of telling Mrs. Brown that you were only twenty-three! "But didn't I do right, dear?" repitied Edith. "You know mamma has always taught us not to exaggerate. It is better to under, rather than over-state, you know."

"Let us go to Mrs. Simpson's wedding, my dear," said a newly-married wife to her husband. "Oh, no; let us stay at home. It will be a dreadful bore." "But, my dear, you must remember Mr. Simpson attended your wedding." "So he did" (grimly). I had forgotten that. (Revengefully.) I shall be there."

A woman "cowboy" is attracting much attention on the way to Kansas. She has entered upon a trip of one thousand miles aboard a freight train in order to superintend three car loads of cattle. She is accompanied by two large dogs, and is described as an intelligent, refined woman, able to manage her affairs with a master hand.

In Barbadoes, one Sunday, the captain of a vessel from New York saw a very important colored lady, gloved, shod, and parasoled, walking to church with a barefooted colored servant, carrying her bag and prayer book. He was astonished at the lady of color being able to keep up so much state, but was told that the couple were sisters, and if he would only wait until next Sunday he would see the situation reversed.

News Notes.

Hurrah is the name of a town in Florida.

Silk, it is stated, is now raised in twenty of the States.

It takes 250 bushels of potatoes to produce one ton of starch.

Paper is taking the place of cedar in the manufacture of lead pencils.

There is a general demand for a forestry law in California to protect trees.

A monster steer, to be exhibited in New Orleans, weighs over 4,100 pounds.

The rates of public telephones in Paris are ten cents for five minutes' conversation.

A California marble company has received a large order for marble from England.

The death of a child from eating red-striped candy occurred recently in Stewart county, Ga.

Well-dressed young men are said, in Boston, to pilfer papers from the hospital boxes of that city.

The son of an English peer, it is stated, is employed as a car-starter in the Union Depot, Pittsburg.

A year-old child in New Brunswick, New Jersey, died the other day while in laughing hysterics.

Ten thousand dogs, cats, goats and birds will be exhibited in Madison Square Garden, N. Y., early this month.

Francis Murphy recently distributed in Pittsburg 1,500 yards of blue ribbon, to be used as temperance badges.

A 98-year old Mexican woman, who resides in San Luis, Col., is reported to have just cut her third set of teeth.

This country, according to official Italian figures, contains only 170,000 Italians, of whom 20,000 are reported in New York.

Thirty-five pounds of honey were taken recently from between the weather boards of his house by a Woodstown, N. J., citizen.

The British army has now a field kitchen, the fire of which will go like that of a steam fire engine, and do its work while on the march.

A Lake, Illinois, youth of eighteen, has his heart in the right side of his breast, and, not strange to say, is suffering from pulmonary consumption.

According to the best estimates, there are about $681,000,000 in gold in the United States, although some figures place the amount far above this limit.

A property owner in Campbell county, Ga., is said to have recently walked a distance of one hundred miles to pay a tax of four cents on a lot of "wild land."

A national mausoleum, like Westminster Abbey, for the reception of the remains of Presidents of the United States, is urged by a Washington correspondent.

Floating saw-mills are common on the lower Mississippi. They pick up the drifting logs, turn them into lumber, and sell the produce to planters along the shore.

A New York prison convict has invented a hat-pressing machine, which he patented and sold for $10,000, half of which sum has been placed in the prison-safe to his credit.

Somewhere in the United States or Canada an earthquake occurs once in every twelve days, exclusive of the lighter tremors that do not make an impression on observers.

On the back of the family horse is the bed in which a Vineyard Haven, Mass., cat has chosen to spend the nights. It climbs to a beam over the stall and drops to its place.

Russia makes annually 126,000,000 wooden spoons for the Central Asia market. The common grades are made from birch and poplar, and the best qualities from boxwood.

Locomotives in the Prussian service used for switching purposes are to be provided with a fire extinguishing apparatus, by which they can immediately be converted into fire engines.

A 72-year-old citizen of Belfast, Me., some time ago dreamed that he had made away with his life, and brooded over the vision until a few days ago, when he realized it with a razor.

A notification has been issued by the Japanese Educational Department mentioning the addition of the English language to the course of studies in the common schools throughout the Empire.

An English physician has been trying to count the hairs on the human head. He quotes the average number of hairs per square inch at 1,000, and estimates about 128,000 hairs for the general head as a rule.

Waterbury, Conn., records a case where a man who supposed he was being cured by holy water, was actually cured of the rheumatism by the contents of a bottle of common blue washing fluid.

Two youths who smoked cigars in a bobtail car on a New York line, and answered rudely to ladies who asked them to desist, were sent to the Island Correction for three months each, one day last week.

An Indianapolis poultry dealer found in the heart of a dressed chicken, the other day, a kernel of wheat which had sprouted and grown nearly an inch. The chicken appeared to have been in perfect health.

Mr. Hayes was the only President of the United States since Mr. Lincoln who did not smoke tobacco. President-elect Cleveland is a smoker, as were Presidents Johnson, Grant and Garfield, and as is President Arthur.

London has a "Foot path Preservation Society," with branches in various parts of the United Kingdom, for obtaining a minimum legal width for both foot and bridle-paths, and to resist encroachments thereon.

The Burning Ship.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

YES, sir, 'tis an awful affair, but at sea one gets used to all kind o' things. I remember the loss of the Victory. I had served aboard her from quite a lad, and had got to know and love everything about her.

She was a fine, full-rigged ship, she was, near 1,800 tons burden. May be you'd like to hear how she was lost, if you've time. You would, sir? All right then.

It was a lovely day in May when she started on a voyage to America with a cargo of coal. We had on board the captain, three officers, two apprentices, a steward, a crew of sixteen men, besides two passengers—a Mr. Williams and a Mr. Johnson. Soon everything was in order, Captain Stanhope and the wizen old pilot were with us, and the order was given "man the windlass!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the response. There was a rush of feet, the windlass clanked, the anchor lifted, the tug boat started head, and we were off. The next morning the pilot and tug left us, carrying letters and messages for the loved ones ashore, and, with the sails "sheeted home," our noble vessel, under a cloud of white canvas, headed for the deep Atlantic. For the first few days nothing much happened; the weather was warm and fine, and the passengers enjoyed it. I could tell you of some strange things as went on in the forecastle, but they wouldn't interest you. Well, about three weeks after we had lost sight of land, a fine breeze sprung up; but it soon died away, a dead calm succeeded, and the sails hung motionless against the masts.

The day was fast fading, and the sun was sinking lower down the horizon, like a great globe. Little did any of us think we should soon be drifting on the sea.

"We shall have a change in the weather shortly," said Mr. Jones, our second officer; "the glass falls rapidly, and there's a dark line astern."

"Stow the royals mizzen-top gall'n's'l," shouted the chief officer in command.

The order was quickly obeyed. The clouds began to blow up, and black enough they looked; a stiff breeze also sprang up, and we could see the squall was on us.

"All hands shorten sail!" was the next order.

Meanwhile the squall increased to a gale, and the captain coming on deck at that moment, and seeing the state of affairs, shouted—

"Take in the tops'ls, and mind your helm there!"

These and some other commands executed, we tore before the raging tempest, under main lower tops'l and reefed fores'l. Ay, the Victory she did tear along, whilst the waves, which were like mountains, swept over her deck, and the water boiled like under her bows, and came rushing through her lee scuppers. This lasted until about one o'clock in the morning, when it 'bated almost as suddenly as it had risen.

"How's her head?" asked Mr. Jones, of the man at the helm.

"Sou'-sou'-west, sir."

"Let her go off just a point," he said; and then added, "aloft there, and loose the tops'ls and t'gall'n's'ls!

The sea had begun to go down a bit, and the passengers, who had been in the saloon, finding the ship rolled less, retired to their berths. The stars shone clearly, and the watch having been relieved, had gone below. It seemed such a blessing to get our clothes off, for they were wringing wet.

We hadn't been asleep more than half an hour, when there came a kind of startled cry, "Fire! fire!" How we hurried out of our bunks and ran on deck, and then, sure enough, we could smell the fire!

The captain ordered search to be made in the hold, to discover, if possible, where the mischief was; but there was nothing to be seen, only a sort of sulphurous smell could be detected.

So we went below again, and slept till eight bells. A watch had been kept meanwhile, but no more occurred to awaken suspicion.

Another careful examination was afterwards made, but it proved unavailing as to finding anything. Then the day broke.

Oh, how well I remember it, the glorious first of June, and glorious it was! The sun shone brightly, and there was a nice breeze, just enough to make it pleasant. There was a soothing sound too in the wash of the waves against the sides of the ship. Most of the sails had been set, and the Victory looked a perfect picture.

'Tis strange but I always remember one thing: I was gazing at the sky, and there was one little white cloud floating along in the middle of the blue, when a young 'prentice said to me, "James, that must be the sweet little cherub as sits up aloft, to keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack." May be 'twas.

Towards evening the decks began to get very warm, and one of the men made a remark to Mr. Jones, who immediately reported it to the captain.

Holes were cut in the deck over the place where the fire was supposed to be, and plenty of water poured down; and the carpenter and some men were ordered to make a careful examination below. I was sent aloft to take in the main royal, and was just about to descend when the carpenter came up, and, going to Captain Stanhope, said something which I did not hear; but I was told to have a look if any ships were in sight, but I could see no sign o' one. There seemed a great rush on deck, and looking down I saw to my horror a dense smoke coming through the hatchways. In vain were the decks deluged with water, and the hatches battened down. The smoke came thicker and faster, and at last, with a roar, flames burst through the hatches.

"Lower the boats—'tis our only chance now!" cried the captain.

I can tell you, sir, they were lowered quick enough, for the heat was getting dreadful. I got into the long boat, with the steward, and first officer, and some of my mates.

We all got safely away, and, after rowing some distance, laid to and watched for the end. By this time the sun was sinking, a great red ball, and there was our ship, sails and all, enveloped in a sheet of flame.

We couldn't help noticing that, as the sun sank in the west, the Victory seemed attracted, or drawn towards it. Her bow was direct west, and she looked grand.

The captain sat in the boat that lay next to ours, and, after watching some time, covered his face with his hands as though unable to bear any more.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the horizon I saw the second officer touch him on the shoulder. He looked up, only in time to see his good ship disappear beneath the waters.

There was a moment's silence, and then we rowed away towards the west too. We were too sad to talk much. To think we had escaped the fury of the gale to see our vessel burnt! Well, well, "Man proposes, God disposes."

As I said, we rowed away, and after awhile the moon rose, and the stars shone with a brilliancy you never see in this country—almost cruel they seemed to us.

The boats kept together the main of the night; but about three o'clock in the morning the wind began to blow in gusts, and before an hour was over we were pitched and tossed on an angry sea, and in the darkness the boats got separated. No one knows what we suffered that night, for we had naught to eat nor, what was worse, to drink.

When the day broke we first missed our companions. In vain we gazed round. Nothing met our sight but a wild sea and wilder sky. Fortunately, towards noon the wind fell, the sea began to go down, and it rained. This was a blessing, for by holding our caps we had some water to drink. Till then I never knew what it was to suffer from real thirst.

About six o'clock in the evening we saw a sail. We waved our arms frantically, but whether they saw our signals or whether they were coming that way, we didn't know. One thing was certain—the frigate (for such she was) bore down on us. It wasn't long before we were aboard, and then we learned that the "Spitfire" was homeward bound. The captain and crew treated us with great kindness, but they could tell us nothing about the other boats. They hadn't seen them.

After an uneventful voyage we reached home safely, and went at once and reported to the owners the circumstances under which the Victory was lost.

It was nigh eight months after our return that we learned the fate of the rest of the crew. They had had a fearful hard time of it, and had lost seven of their number. The captain was the first to go.

Ah! we were sorry to hear of his death. It appeared he scarcely noticed anything; and once when Mr. Jones asked him which way they had better try for, he said, "West—she was drifting west; yes, she was drifting west."

He died two days after that, his last words being, "drifting west." One after another the other six succumbed to fatigue and the want of water and food.

Those that had been rescued were ten days and nights on the sea, bearing the scorching sun and cold, before they were picked up by a passing steamer, and landed at some foreign port—I forget the name. At last they secured berths in the "Sphinx," another steamer, and thus reached home once more.

I've seen a good deal in my time, but I believe I felt the loss of the Victory more than all. What caused the fire was never known. Combustion in the coal, 'twas supposed.

No thank'e, sir, I won't take nothing. I'm glad to get anyone to listen to my yarns, and if any other day you'd like to hear it, I could tell you something else. Much obliged for your kind offer. Good morning, sir. Ay, she was a fine ship—the Victory was a fine ship!

ANCIENT FIRE-ENGINES.—One of the most curious items of interest in a late London Exhibition was the set of fire appliances of two hundred years ago. These consist of—first and foremost the hatchets with which houses were cut down to prevent a fire spreading—for, as the reader knows full well, from the accounts of the Great Fire, the flames spread with marvellous rapidity when they were once started; second, leather buckets; last and least, a squirt that held two quarts of water, and required three men to work it. After the Great Fire, each parish was required by law to have one of these formidable engines ready to hand, in addition to water-buckets and hatchets. To repose such trust in a small squirt is a striking evidence of the childlike simplicity and faith that some of our English ancestors must have possessed.

SALVATION Oil, the great pain-cure, is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine at 25 cts. a bottle.

DON'T yield to rheumatism till you have tried Salvation Oil. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FACING THE MUSIC.

His hair was gray, his step infirm,
And life was rounding out its term.
Into his heart had sorrow come—
He knew the craving thirst for rum;
His friends had changed, and yet a few
Were still in friendship firm and true;
His tears had poured like summer showers,
Upon the graves of faded flowers;
Beneath the daisy-breeding sod,
There lie his hostages to God—
His wife and children, all the ties
That bind a man to Paradise.
Thus chastened for the sinner's good,
The aged man in penance stood,
Until there came that mighty call
Which maketh cowards of us all.
Emboldened now by years and pride,
He met the summons and he—died
His hair and beard of darkest sheen,
And married a girl just sweet sixteen.

—U. S. NOTE.

Humorous.

A very unsatisfactory sort of bread—The roll of time.

What is the most frequent fare-well performance? A good meal.

Tell me how to make a tall man short? Try to borrow five dollars of him.

Red is the natural color of a young baby, but afterwards it becomes a yeller.

Why are shirt-makers like life-exiles in Siberia? Because they both work for bare life.

An eel was found in a can of milk, recently, and it didn't appear to be at all out of its element.

Can you tell me the meaning of the Academy of Design? Why, a young ladies' boarding school.

Why did Joseph's brethren put him in the pit? Because there was no room for him in the family circle.

At a college examination a professor asked: "Does my question embarrass you?" "Not at all, sir," replied the student. "Not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me."

The plea of a Nashville negro, convicted of butting an enemy almost fatally, was that in infancy he had been fed on milk from a notoriously belligerent goat. The judge said that he could not regard that fact as an extenuation.

"It beats everything how such things spread," said a rural farmer in front of *The News* office Wednesday morning. "I declare, coming down through the country this morning, I saw two men painting on the walls, fences, and barns, R. R. R. I tell you them Democrats are no fools; they keep spreading the news, making preparations for 1880." "Excuse me, my dear old friend, but you are laboring under a false impression. The men you saw painting those well-known letters were sent through the country by the man who sells 'Radway's Ready Relief,' and are advertising thoroughly throughout this country. They put up at my stable last night, and that's why I know." "I'll be blanked!" said the old hero; and on he went.—*Danbury News.*

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the "Saturday Evening Post."

—THE MILD POWER CURES.—

HUMPHREYS'

In use 20 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician. Simple, Safe and Sure.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Facache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
18	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
19	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Send for Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease, &c. (64 pages); also Catalogue, free.—Address, HUMPHREYS' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Outfits from $3.00 to $500.00.
SIMPLE. EASY. PROFITABLE.
90-page Catalogue for 10 cents.
NATIONAL TYPE CO., Philad'a, Pa.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the poor. Dr. Kruse, 223 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo

---

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds,
Sore Throat,
Inflammation,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first.
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver complaints, etc.

SKIN DISEASES,

Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA.

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 30, 40 and 50 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE, AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken-down stomach, Indigestion, Fistulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN,

Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a sure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren street, New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

New Publications.

There is a large portion of the reading world, which can see much merit in certain works, that might possibly be condemned by those regarding themselves the best judges, as defective in the highest literary elements. Such a book perhaps is "Rural Lyrics," by Hon. J. F. Simmons, of Kentucky. They are made up of characteristic compositions giving the title-name, elegies, and other short poems. Written in the brief intervals of leisure of a busy newspaper career, they show here and there marks of haste. For all they are eminently readable and being for the most part brief, popular, and covering a wide range of subjects, they are well calculated to please the average mind. The mountain of the muses is somewhat difficult to climb nowadays owing to so much space being preempted, as it were, but Mr. Simmons has certainly made a creditable attempt to get at least a temporary footing. The volume in "get-up" is one of the finest, in a plain way, we have seen for some time. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Publishers. Price $1.50.

MAGAZINES.

Cassell's Family Magazine makes good its claim to the title by presenting for February a list of contents calculated to suit all members of the family in general, with something special for each left over. Among the matter agreeably diversified by pictures, short stories, poetry, miscellaneous and useful hints, are: A Diamond in the Rough, serial; Sweet Christabel, serial; Our Autograph Books; The Secret of Making Clear Soups; How Repousse Work is Done; His Son's Wife; Brother Jonathan's Womankind; Gardening in January; The Forgotten Song; The Fortress of Life; To the New Year; A Historic Corner of a Historic County; Sir Richard Owen and His Work; Our Model Reading Club; Velvet and Furs; The Gatherer and other departments filled with useful information to repletion. Price 15 cents per number. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

The Quiver the new—at least for America—illustrated magazine for Sunday and general reading, gives in its February number, a great deal that should make it more than welcome in the thoughtful household. There is a little for most kinds of religious taste, yet nothing which, while very likely unpalatable to some, that one can be the worse for at least tasting. There are solid articles for the solid, others not so heavy for parallel minds, and comparatively light reading for such as prefer it. Altogether, we must say where no pronounced religious paper or magazine is taken, it would admirably serve as a substitute, and even where such literature is abundant, it will be found a valuable coadjutor. Published by Cassell & Co., New York. Price 15 cents per number.

The February ("Midwinter") number of *The Century*, the first edition of which is 180,000 copies, contains a brilliant list of contributions. First in importance is Gen. Grant's paper on The Battle of Shiloh, which is accompanied by a large number of portraits and illustrations drawn from photographs or minute descriptions. A supplementary paper from a Confederate point of view is contributed by Col. Wm. Preston Johnston, on his father Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and the Shiloh campaign, which is also illustrated. These brief sketches are grouped under the title Memoranda on the Civil War. Among other illustrated articles are: A Flore...tine Mosaic, by W. D. Howells; Canada as a Winter Resort, by Dr. Boers; Dutch Portraiture, by W. J. Stillman; and Royalty on the Mississippi, by Mark Twain, covering twenty-four pages. Mr. Howell's serial, The Rise of Silas Lapham, is continued. The beginning of a new novel by Henry James, entitled The Bostonians, introduces the reader to a characteristic group of the 'strong-minded' of both sexes. Mr. E. C. Stedman writes about Dr. Holmes in his critical series on the American poets. The article is accompanied by a full-page engraving of an old daguerreotype of the Autocrat. The departments of Topics of the Times and Bric-a-Brac present their usual melange of entertaining reading. The Century Co., New York.

The contents of that excellent health publication *The Sanatarian* for February are as follows: Sanitary Responsibility of the Citizen; Physiology in its More Public Relations; Responsibility for Sickness; House Heating and its Dangers; Insects and Flowerpots; The Museum of Hygiene; Hospitals for Infectious Diseases; The Cost of Wines; Whittier and Holmes; A National Board of Health—The Editor's Table; State and Local Boards of Health Reports; A Plumber Convicted for Manslaughter; Infant Feeding; The Privileges of Quacks; Vital Statistics of Immigration; Mortality Statistics in the United States; Mortality Statistics Abroad; etc., etc. Price 35 cents per copy. Published at 113 Fulton St. N. Y.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Facetiæ.

The peal of a breakfast bell often fails to wake a man up. The peel of a banana will do it every time.

When a man tells that his passions are very strong, we simply advise him to mix them with his morals, which are apt to be very weak. Then, you see, he strikes a good average.

A little boy who had been amongst the mountains for his holidays, was told to write, as concisely as possible, a theme on the thoughts that suggest themselves when ascending a high mountain on a beautiful summer day. He wrote: "I wish I were at the top."

A sneak thief, caught in a dwelling, escaped by saying that he was a physician who had been called to the house. The people were dreadfully frightened. When they took him for a thief, they feared for their valuables; but when he said he was a physician, they trembled for their lives.

At a German court martial. Captain (president): "Then I'm to understand that the accused offered you a cigar when you were doing sentry duty?" "Yes, your honor." "And you declined?" "Yes, to command, your honor." "And what reply did he make?" "You are an ass, your honor!"

"Boy, how much do you want for that string of fish?" asked an amateur fisherman on his way home from a day's sport. The boy named his price. "All right—there's your money. Now, just throw the fish!" and he dexterously caught them. "Talk about catching fish!" he said, as he pursued his way.

An Irishman called on to plead to an indictment for larceny in a New York court, was desired by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. "Hold up your right hand," said the clerk. "Place your honor," said Pat, still keeping his left hand up, "I'm left-handed."

"Jenny, I'm not a bit disposed to be fault-finding, you know; but when even the neighbors got to saying that you don't take good care of me, I think I'm justified in opening my own lips." "Nonsense' John! What are you talking about? Didn't you read me about two months ago a long article showing that too much care will kill a man? You just go down cellar and bring me up another scuttle of coal."

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of **AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.**

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most serious bronchial and pulmonary affections."

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as **AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of Croup and Whooping Cough.**

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists.

GOLD WATCH FREE!

The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following liberal Offer for the New Year: The person telling us the largest verse in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a **Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch, worth $75;** If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive an elegant **Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch;** the third, a key-winding **English Watch.** Each person must send Stamp, with their answer, for which they will receive three months' subscription to the Home Guest, a 32 page Illustrated **New Year Book, a Case of 25 articles** that the ladies will appreciate, and paper containing names of winners. Sixty-eight. Address Pubs. of HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN.

20 PHOTOS of Female Beauties, 10cts. *Sure to suit.* Ill. Cat., 2c. Gem Agency, Indianapolis, Ind.

200,000 ELEGANT GIFTS!

A Present for Everyone. No Commission to Agents. Subscribe Direct. Everybody who sends as Directed will receive a Gift worth from $10,000 down. This Offer holds good only till May 15th. The greatest Offer made by any reputable Newspaper Publisher. This is an opportunity in a life-time for you.

The Publishers of the KENTUCKY FARMER, desirous of having their popular and well-known agricultural and family paper more widely circulated and introduced into all homes of the United States and Canada where it is not already known, have decided to throw off all profits this year, and in addition use a portion of their capital for the sole purpose of increasing their circulation to 200,000 copies. In addition to extensively advertising, they will give one of the following grand presents to every one whose subscription is received between now and May 15th. For 50c. cents your name will be entered on our Subscription Books, and we will mail to you regularly the KENTUCKY FARMER for three months, and will at same time forward to you a numbered subscription receipt which will entitle you to one of the following magnificent presents:

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY:

1 U. S. Gov. Bond	$10,000	4 Elegant Sealskin Dolmans	$1200
10 U. S. Gov. Bonds, $1000	10,000	1 Pony Phaeton	100
20 U. S. Gov. Bonds, $500	10,000	1000 Silver Fruit Knives	1,000
100 U. S. Greenbacks, $100	10,000	1000 Gents' 4 Blade Knives	1,000
500 U. S. Greenbacks, $20	10,000	50 Silver Plated Banjos	500
1 Trotting Horse	250	100 Boys' Watches	3,000
1 Concert Grand Piano, Your selection makes	1,000	80 Solitaire Diamond Rings	80
1 Cabinet Organ " " "	450	20 Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns	800
1 Three Seat Rockaway	300	20 Sets of Single Harness, Guaran'd best make	800
1 Silver Dinner Service (12 pieces)	500	1 New Silk Parlor Suite Combination Furniture consisting of 7 pieces	1,000
2 Upright Pianos	1,000		
1000 Russian Leather Albums	[illegible]		

1460 Gold Finger Rings, Ladies Breast Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Lockets, Fans and Chains, and 194,664 other presents, valued from 10 cents to $1, makes a grand aggregation of 200,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends us 50 cents. All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner. Proof will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. No charges will be asked from any subscriber to forward presents. The **FIFTY CENTS** which you send us is the regular price for a three months' subscription, and therefore we charge nothing for the present. **OUR PROFIT** will be in your future patronage, and the increased rate we will get for our advertising space. **YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE.** Get five of your friends to join you by cutting this out and showing it to them. Send us $2.50 and we will send the KENTUCKY FARMER for three months, and one numbered receipt for each subscriber, and give you one extra for your trouble. **No postponement.**

SEND TEN SUBSCRIBERS with $5.00, and we will send you 12 subscriptions and 11 receipts. This offer will hold good till May 15th only, as we shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 200,000, so we would advise all to forward subscriptions at an early date, as in no case will they be received later than May 15th.

THE KENTUCKY FARMER is the best and ablest edited Agricultural and Family paper in the country. It contains sixteen pages, beautifully illustrated. Tells how to make Farming Pay and Homes Happy.

Read how you can get this elegant Gold Watch for 50 Cts.

100 GOLD WATCHES FREE!

In making up the above list of $50,000 in presents, we decided to reserve $1,400 to be divided equally among the first 100 subscribers received. If you send 50 cts. you will be entitled to one receipt good for one present, and if your letter is among the first 100 received, you will be entitled to this beautiful Watch. We will print in full in the March issue of the KENTUCKY FARMER the names and addresses of the winners of the 100 Gold Watches. This offer is bona fide, and will be carried out to the letter. Send now. Do not wait. The KENTUCKY FARMER is well established, and is backed by ample capital, so that every subscriber may be sure of getting what we promise. Indeed we could not afford otherwise with our paper. Undoubtedly some who read this new departure will think an offer to give away $50,000 in presents is most unreasonable and unprofitable, but let us say to all such persons that it costs anywhere from $25,000 to $100,000 to secure a large circulation to a paper. We know of a publisher who spent $50,000 in one week in giving away free copies and advertising his papers, and the money was well spent, for it secured for him an established circulation that paid good interest on the investment. Publishing nowadays must either be done on an extensive scale or not at all. It costs just as much for matter and just as much for illustrations, electrotypes, editorial services, rent and for setting up the type for a paper of 1,000 circulation as it does for a paper with 300,000 circulation. On small editions each one of the above items swells the cost of a single paper alarmingly, but on very large editions the expense is spread over so many papers that it is almost entirely lost; so you can see that large profits can be made only by doing a large service to the people, in other words, a large business. This is precisely what we propose doing with the KENTUCKY FARMER. We will send a printed list of the awards free, and all presents will be forwarded to holders of receipts as they may direct. **OUR OLD PATRONS AND SUBSCRIBERS** whose we number by the thousands should at once go to work and help us to increase our list by this grand and generous offer.

ONLY 50 CENTS secures the KENTUCKY FARMER three months, and one receipt good for a present. One number of the Paper is worth double the subscription price. As to our reliability, we refer those who do not know us to any Bank or Mercantile Agency. **REMEMBER THESE ARE PRESENTS** to our subscribers, given to them absolutely free (2-cent postage stamps taken). Money in sums of $1 or less may be sent in an ordinary letter at our risk. Larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter or Postal Note, and addressed to

THE KENTUCKY FARMER, 350 Fourth Ave., LOUISVILLE, KY.

WEBSTER

In Sheep, Russia and Turkey Bindings.

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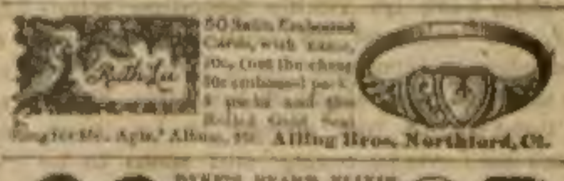

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE time is long past when there was but one mode for dresses, when all mantles were precisely alike, and one color predominated over all others. In writing of fashions now it is no longer possible to say that one mode precludes all others, that because short mantles are in vogue long ones are demode, for the same person will wear, according to circumstances, the time of day, or the caprice of the moment, long, short, or medium length vetements.

Puffs, draperies, deep-pleated flounces, plain skirts, plastrons, waistcoats, jackets, all fall under the same category of modes that prevail, but none of them to the exclusion of any of the others. Pleated flounces, for instance, are well adapted for morning costumes to be worn on dark or wet days, shopping excursions, etc., but the material of which the costume is made must be taken into account; very thick and rough fabrics, or those which are ribbed or brocbe, do not look well pleated, they make up far better as plain skirts with a polonaise or tunic draped at the side and back. Visiting toilettes, and all those which aspire to a higher degree of elegance, are rarely made with pleated skirts, or ornamented with pleated flounces.

Very long mantles, reaching almost to the edge of the dress, are numerous, and vary in their details and in their degree of elegance; some models are quite tight-fitting, others are semi-fitting: and there are mantles with pleats at the back, and with blouse, pointed or pelerine sleeves. A few are open in front, showing a glimpse of the brightly-colored silk lining, and have revers down the fronts, but the comfortable pelisse with its plain band of velvet, wide braid, or fur trimming, is far more often to be seen.

Except in very cold weather, young ladies wear the neatest and lightest corduroy jackets, or short paletots of cloth, plush, frise plush, astrakan, etc., very simply ornamented with metal buttons, a straight or turned-down collar, and the plainest parements on the sleeves. Very thick ribbed velveteen or corduroy is rendered more elegant by putting a row of stitching or chain stitching, worked with silk, between the ribs of the material; gold, silver or steel thread, or fine silk or gold braid are employed for the same purpose.

Sable, sea-wreck, walnut-shell, sparrow's wing, cashoo cherry juice, bordeaux, bishop's violet, pheasant grey, and Greek pink, are all fashionable colors, but not more so than the dark, medium, and light shades of blue.

Indoor toilettes are now made in the style of more or less elaborate dressing-gowns; they are exceedingly elegant, but only suitable for drawing-room wear in the afternoon, when visitors are received. Occasionally they are adopted for paying as well as receiving visits, but in this case the wearer envelopes herself in a large mantle and drives in her own carriage. These dresses are made of plain, brocbe and embroidered materials, of lace and velvet, and almost always in light colors. Sometimes they are red, but more often red is combined with some other shade which tones it down. Lace and ribbon are employed in profusion as trimmings, and the corsages are made in every variety of way not recognised amongst classical forms; they are crossed on the chest, buttoned on one side, have no visible fastening whatever, are fastened on both or on alternate sides, or terminate in a polonaise on one side and in a basque on the other. Some are tight-fitting, but appear to be loose, others are loose in reality but seem to be tight-fitting. The finest Lyons tissues, with flowers scattered on a gold, silver, or purple ground, are reserved for these toilettes, which are made of all the richest fabrics, embossed velvets, embroidered silks, and others that the most refined and luxurious taste can suggest.

Stripes are paramount especially in woollen materials, although silks and velvets are also influenced by the prevailing fashion. Sicilienne and ottoman with very thick ribs are in many cases employed in the place of damasses, which are still worn to some extent, but less than formerly. Plain and shot terry velvets are very new and fashionable, and are employed for bodices and jackets.

Plain skirts trimmed with wide braid or with fur are made less full than those with tucks; the material so trimmed is of a heavy description, that would be far too weighty for comfort if used in large quantities. All kinds of fur are used as dress trimmings, but those with thick short pile, like sealskin, otter, or beaver, have the best effect. These fur borders are exceedingly fashionable, provided they are of good quality, but imitation furs cannot be used in this manner. A new fur, French sealskin by name, is likely to be fashionable; it is in a pretty shade of light grey with a faint golden tinge. Sealskin mantles and jackets will be universally worn, and astrakan is so firmly established that numerous imitations of it have already appeared. Skunk is in vogue also; it would be indeed difficult to find a more beautiful and becoming fur, and one that harmonises better with all colors and all materials.

Pelerines are worn with jackets only, and are made of plush, of braided cloth, and of fur, but they are less stylish than the small manteiets, which are as short as a pelerine at the back, but have long ends in front and seams forming a graceful curve at the arm. These are trimmed with bands of fur or edged with a fringe of tails.

The question of colors is becoming more complicated, not only on account of the strange names given to the fashionable shades, and which may be interpreted in many ways, but also because certain colors are only used in a particular class of materials, and combinations of color also depend to a great extent on the nature of the fabrics combined. Green is one of the most fashionable colors, and as many shades of blue and yellow-green are in vogue, and as most of them combine well with one or other of the prevailing shades of red and gold color, nearly every one will be able to wear some shade of the color. A costume of dark green embossed velvet accompanied by a chapeau trimmed with red, or with accessories in this color, may be worn by a blonde or brunette.

All shades of fawn and grey are ladylike, and dull blues are also stylish, but less so than green combined with violet in any of the reddish and plum shades.

Woolen costumes like those of richer material, are a mixture of plain and figured fabrics. Pekins, with the stripes arranged in vertical or horizontal lines, are much used; pleated skirts, made of pekin with lengthways stripes, are arranged so that the dark stripe is sometimes on the outer side, sometimes on the inner side of the pleat. A model of a graceful character that will serve as a type for a woolen costume, has a plain skirt with wide stripes across it, bordered with a narrow ruched flounce of the same material, and with the stripes in the same direction. The tunic is of plain woolen fabric, long in front and draped at the sides, where it meets the large pulled drapery at the back. The corsage of plain material is a Spanish jacket reaching to the waist, and cut off square in front over a pekin waistcoat. This costume may be worn by young or middle-aged ladies, and its quiet correct style is adapted for stout or slender figures.

Redingotes are worn with large pleats at the back, or open from the waist like the tails of a coat. When made of two materials, silk and velvet, or plain and figured velvet, this effect is given by one of the two materials, generally the plain, and the figured velvet is reserved for the fronts, which are buttoned to the edge. The vetement has very much the appearance of a coat of plain velvet worn over a buttoned redingote skirt of figured material, and collar, revers, and parements being also of the figured fabric.

Beads of all shades, bronze, amber, and blue, with moonlight *reflets*, have lost none of the favor they enjoyed last winter; even fur-trimmed vetements are embroidered with beads. Embroidery is in fact largely employed in many ways, and that to be met with in the decoration of skirts is often a genuine work of art. Flowers worked in satin stitch are surrounded by gold or silver thread, and braid, mixed with embroidery, gives the necessary alternations of raised and flat effects. Skirts and tunics thus embroidered are, as a matter of course, made up very simply without pleats, gathers, or ruches, any of which would conceal the beauty of the embroidery. All heavy and rich fabrics, especially such as are figured, are treated in the same way.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES FOR GIFTS.

THERE are other times besides the holidays and great occasions, when little gifts are given to friends or others, and it must be difficult sometimes for those who live in the country to tell what acceptable presents they may make, that will be novel pretty and useful. The difficulty with those of us who are within easy distance of the city, lies, not in the scarcity, but in the abundance of choice. Such an assemblage of beautiful things is constantly displayed to tempt the money out of our purses. Everywhere that we turn, we see some tasteful little article that commands our admiration. In the jeweller's there are the daintiest pins and brooches ever conceived, for fastening lace ties and bonnet strings. Not content with one, we must now have three or four to keep our strings in place, and to ornament our jabots; and some are so quaint! There is a wee jester in cap and bells, wearing a red enamel jacket, his feet encased in green enamel shoes; he coquettishly holds open a tiny fan, edged with a row of diamonds, whilst two butterflies settle on his arm; he is exaggeratingly imitating in his attitude the affected airs of a fashionable lady, and charmingly ludicrous he looks. Three Russian poodles walk along on their hind legs, one solemnly following the other; their heads are of diamonds, a row of diamonds encircles each leg, and their tails also glitter with the same precious stones; a narrow bar of gold behind keeps them firmly fixed, and forms a support for the pin. There is an exquisite little tennis bat and ball, which will please ladies who indulge in that pleasant game; the bat is of gold, set with a row of brilliants; the ball, a beautiful round pearl.

Amongst the oddities, we have a sly kitten peeping out of a silver boot; an owl in a crescent moon, looking the picture of wisdom; a goose waddling calmly along; and frogs, lizards, bees, and butterflies, are as plentiful as blackberries. For sportswomen there are horseshoes, either alone or combined with a hunting whip, jockey cape, and such like; for the careful housewife, a key in diamonds; and prettiest of all to our fancy, is a violin, for a lady of musical tastes—such a little beauty was the one we saw; it was a mass of sparkling diamonds, the strings; being of gold as fine as hair.

Some caps are now worn without any lace whatever, but they are trying to any but young and pretty women. They are made in brocaded silks in the form of a princess bonnet, and trimmed with gold cord. We are so used to the lace falling on the hair that these caps look rather incomplete without it; and then, too, there is nothing more becoming than fine lace on the head and round the throat. Even the darkest complexion is at its best when softened and toned by the creamy tints of delicate point de Bruxelles, or even some of the beautifully executed modern imitations. Occasionaly gold lace is used on a cap as a trimming in the same way as it might be on a bonnet, but not on the edge, and when employed on a blue cap, a blue velvet butterfly will be added. None of the new caps have high crowns as formerly; those for morning are generally made of rows of lace and trimmed with narrow ribbon. Ostrich feather fans are still fashionable, and when composed of good feathers, they are extremely beautiful, but the common kinds are anything but beautiful to behold. The feathers should be of the very best, or they are bound to look poor stretched out as a fan mount. Objectionable as they may be on a bonnet, they are ten times more so on a fan. On the former they can be twisted about and partially hidden under bows and flots of lace, but on the latter their poverty is manifest to the most superficial observer. A pretty fan is composed of cardinal feathers on the left side, and these are followed by gentle gradations through the various shades of red, pink and blush tints, until white is finally attained when the right side is reached.

A charming novelty for the toilet table is a square pin cushion with a hole in the centre for a scent bottle. This of itself, does not sound either charming or uncommon, for we all remember the round pincushion that had a hole for a small tumbler filled with flowers; but it is not always in the idea that beauty consists, but in the carrying out of the idea. Here then is an accurate description, so that our readers can make one of these dainty centre-pieces for their table should they feel so inclined. The pincushion is about a quarter of a yard square and thickly wadded, it is covered with blue satin and edged with white lace; two of the corners are covered with lace, the third bears a painted design of white Marguerites, the fourth is ornamented with a bow of blue satin. So much for the cushion, now for the bottle, or rather its covering. A blue satin cover, that is stiffened with cardboard, reaches up to the shoulder of the bottle, and is drawn in round the neck, leaving a frill of satin standing up above. On the satin Marguerites are exquisitely represented. The bottle should have a well-cut glass stopper or a silver stop.

A leather case or an Eau-de-cologne bottle is useful for travelling; it opens conveniently to allow of a full bottle being inserted when the first is empty, and on one side there is a small pocket which holds the corkscrew. Another article that ladies can make up for themselves with slight help from a carpenter is the wall-pocket in the form of a letter rack, such as is hung at the side of the mantlepiece for holding letters that need answering. There may be three or more pockets on one rack. They are managed in this way. A piece of thin deal board, rather less than half a yard long and about six inches wide, is covered with a colored plush that suits the upholstery of the room in which it is to be placed. Three pieces of thin board, six inches wide and four inches deep, are covered with the same plush and lined with satin; at the sides are gussets of satin, which connect the small pieces with the long board, much after the fashion of the pockets of a purse, or the pocket of a writing case; they are each fastened at the bottom to the long board and fall slightly outwards one above another. The front of each piece may be painted with bronze colors or embroidered. The top pocket does not reach the top of the long board, a space being left above it; a ring must be added at the top, which will hang on to a nail in the wall. When not in use they can be taken down, and will fold up flatly.

Correspondence.

FRED L. S.—President Garfield was shot on the 4th of July, 1881. He died on the 20th September following.

OLD READER.—He has never been married. We cannot recall the exact date, but his father died some twelve or fifteen years ago. President Grant served in the Mexican War. 2. About 1877. We do not know the exact date.

BERTHA N.—Rings to fasten upon the ear-lobes by a spring without piercing have been invented within the lifetime of the present generation—probably about the year 1800. Ear-rings thus affixed were unknown (so far as discoverable) to Greek and Roman ladies.

BEAUMONT.—There is no such proverb as "Good news travels fast." You are, no doubt, thinking of the maxim that "Ill news travels apace;" and the idea is that folks often find a malicious pleasure in talking about their neighbors' misdeeds and misfortunes.

BELLA F.—You can safely trust to the good counsel of your parents in this matter. Do not anticipate a contingency which may never occur. Wait until you are asked. From your letter we conclude that you are very young yet, and have plenty of time in which to be courted and to decide upon your future mate. You may entirely misjudge your aunt's motives.

PERSEVERANCE.—You cannot possibly learn auctioneering from papers, either weekly or monthly. It may seem very easy and simple to get into the rostrum, hammer in hand, and cry "going, going, gone," but an auctioneer must be essentially a practical man—must know the exact value of everything he sells; and this knowledge can only be acquired from experience.

GLADYS.—We hardly think the young fellow's love for you can be very sincere, or he would certainly have discontinued his "constant flirtations" with other girls. Until he does so, we should recommend you to maintain the reserve you have hitherto shown towards him. He will respect you all the more for it, and should he ultimately prove as little worthy of your love as we fear, you will have the less reason to reproach yourself.

A. T. S. C.—The saying, "All's fair in love and war" is not generally used with any very serious meaning. What it is intended to convey is that, as in war the laws which govern society are suspended, so in affairs of the heart, within certain limits, one must not be held to too strict an account. In these days, at any rate, no honorable person would think of acting on the maxim in so far as it relates to what is called the tender passion.

TOM.—The young lady's behavior was simply heartless, and you will be wise if you take her at her word and meet her as a stranger from this time forth. We scarcely think that a marriage with her would prove a happy one, even though you had all the money safe in the bank. Cast about for other company and divert your thoughts. If you make the effort, you can do this and save yourself both misery and mortification. You acted correctly and deserved better treatment.

FLORA K.—Yes; for elocution, or "speaking out," is simply effective speaking; it has chiefly to do with the utterance of delivery. To be a good reader the person should have a full understanding of the construction of sentences, be able to dissect, so to speak, intricate forms of literary composition, and distinguish between needful and expletive words; he should also know how to modulate his voice, as well as give due expression to what he is reading, remembering always to suit the sound to the sense.

RUS.—If you turn your sheep on to an unenclosed pasturage—whether common or otherwise—you are bound to take care that they do not trespass on neighboring land, and are liable for any trespass, whether you have been guilty of negligence or not. The act of fetching away your animals is necessary and permissible, and if, therefore, you do this without unnecessary delay, or without further damage to the land adjoining the common where your animals were properly pastured, you will not increase your liability for the trespass already committed by the animals.

SOL. TERRA.—To answer your question fully would require all the space there is in the Post. We could not tell you where to get the "marriage license laws of those countries" outside of a book containing their laws, and we do not think this is to be had, unless possibly in the Congressional Library at Washington. 2. You would have to write to the State Librarian in each State separately. We do not think there is any one lawyer in the country who could tell you. 3. Write to Lippincott, & Co., Publishers, this city. 4. Trench's "Study of Words" is a very entertaining book. 5. It is a question of opinion which is the best. We regard Cushing's as being as good as any other.

N. E.—Read Proctor's work on "The Universe of Stars," where you will find all that is now known on the question of star-gauging succinctly set forth. You will see that in some cases—notably that of Sirius—a reasonable consensus of opinion has long been reached on the question of its distance from our system. Errors must of course necessarily occur; but some rough accuracy of computation can nevertheless be obtained. There is no "new method" for determining the distance of the fixed stars, as you have been informed. But you must read more of what has actually been done in astronomy before you venture to give an opinion on the subject. The matter of parallax is far too technical for full discussion here.

RELUS.—We cannot give you much on the subject of the religion of Confucius. The word as given is a Latinized form of the name of Kong-Fu-Tsee, a Chinese philosopher who lived (so far as known) about the year 550 B.C. Not much is known about him—you see it was so very long ago. He was the founder of a form of faith which can hardly be described as a religion, in the strict sense, consisting as it does chiefly of moral precepts without any supernatural or theological sanction. Confucianism is now the creed of the educated and cultivated class in all China. It inculcates moral virtues, especially filial piety, obedience to constituted authority, and purity of life; but, in its original form at least, it recognizes no gods or supreme being of any sort. The followers of Confucius however at the present day usually practice ancestor-worship, and temples and ceremonies in honor of their founder abound throughout the whole Chinese empire. Confucius himself was a mandarin of excellent life, and a philanthropist of the best intentions; but his moral writings are far from lively literature for Western readers.